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## REVIEWS

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès, ou, Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Troisième Livraison—containing volumes V. and VI. Paris, 1832. Ladocat.

THE long-announced publication of this third *livraison* has at length taken place, and the volumes have reached us with all possible dispatch. Although the work has arrived after our editorial arrangements for the week are completed, we shall, nevertheless, manage to gratify our readers with a first notice of these truly entertaining Memoirs. It must not, however, be imagined, that we present the following extracts as the brightest gems of the work: they have been chosen as those best adapted to the peculiar circumstances under which this hasty notice is written—more time will enable us to do more justice in future translations.

In these new volumes, Madame la Duchesse is worthy of herself. The same graceful and flowing style, the same ease of narration, the same originality of thought, pervade this third part of the most entertaining memoirs which have appeared upon the French Revolution; and perhaps the most important, embracing, as they do, the consequences attendant upon its progress through a lapse of nearly thirty years. The Duchess of Abrantès is no ordinary woman. She thinks and acts for herself; and in her opinions on the most trivial matters, as on the most important, will be found that independence of thought and sentiment, which stamps the master mind. Should we be thought a little too enthusiastic in our praise, let it be remembered, that we have had many opportunities, besides the perusal of her writings, of judging of her talents.

Our first extracts have reference to the horrible excesses committed at Avignon, early in the Revolution; and these details are the more valuable, because they are not recorded in any other work:—

*Jourdan the Beheader.*

"It is necessary to state, before relating this short history, that the delightful city of Avignon, so beautiful of itself, and so delightful as associated with the recollection of Petrarch and Laura, was, at the period of the revolution, a prey to the most atrocious and unheard of crimes. Definitely united to France by a decree of the national assembly, the Venaisin county brought us hatred and vengeance, whose torch was lit by that of our own civil discords. Banditti, freed galley-slaves, and criminals of all descriptions from the coast of Italy and the Islands of the Mediterranean, assembled at Avignon, and spread murder, pillage, sacrilege, and devastation over the country. They acknowledged a chief, who afterwards ac-

quired great and dreadful celebrity. This was *Jourdan the Beheader.*

"Born in *Les Cévennes*, this celebrated brigand was at first a smuggler, but, as he did not limit his prowess to the exercise of this dangerous profession, he was apprehended and sent to the prison at Valence in Dauphiné. Having made his escape, with six others, he dropped his real name of *Jouve*, and assumed that of *Jourdan*, under which he perpetrated the most dreadful crimes. Having again attracted the attention of the officers of Justice, he left off *business*, ceased to lay travellers under contribution upon the highway, and came to Paris. Here he worked as a journeyman blacksmith and farrier, and afterwards entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, but was soon turned away for stealing. A *penchant* for pilfering was too strongly rooted in his heart to be resisted; and before he served the Duke of Orleans, he had been discharged for theft by a farrier of the Rue Clos-Gorgeot, with whom he had lived.

"He now returned to Avignon, whither he carried fire and sword. Some persons at Avignon believed that he had acquired the ominous surname of the *Beheader*, from the circumstance of his having, on the day the Bastille was captured, cut off the head of M. de Launay, the governor of that fortress. But this is incorrect. Jourdan's crimes are sufficiently numerous, without imputing to him those of other people. He who mutilated the unfortunate De Launay, was a tall old man with a long white beard; and was so described on the 6th of October."

*The Marquis d'Aulan.*

"On the 10th of June, 1790, M. Demanez, Marquis d'Aulan, the most esteemed man at Avignon, and the most deserving of such esteem, from the good he did, and from the practice of every virtue, was carried by the crowd towards a gallows fifty feet high, raised upon the *Place du Palais*, and upon which the mob were about to hang the Marquis de Rochegude, the Abbé Ofraye, and one Aubert, a silk-mercier, who possessed considerable property at Avignon. When M. d'Aulan saw his unhappy countrymen excited by a sanguinary frenzy, which assimilated them to the most ferocious of wild beasts, he spoke to them with that accent of truth and virtue, which was wont to calm the most furious. But on that fatal day of murder, his voice was lost; nothing was listened to, and nothing heard, save the cries of the victims. M. d'Aulan was not discouraged; but, with a perseverance and courage, which many others would not have shown to save even their own lives, succeeded in getting close to the gallows tree. As he arrived, the executioner was struggling with a carrier belonging to the country, named Buffardin, whom the people had condemned to be executed upon suspicion of monopolizing corn. The poor man was innocent, and M. d'Aulan knew it well.

"'Ye are a herd of monsters,' he cried, as he flew to the assistance of the carrier, whom he helped to get rid of the hangman. 'Ye are worse than tigers. What has this unfortunate man done to you? Would you take his life? And what are to become of his wife and children—who is to provide for them? Thirst you still

for blood? Do you require another victim? If so, leave that man and take me, but on condition that I shall be the last.'

"'He is right! He is right!' cried the multitude. Among the latter, were many individuals who knew the worth of the Marquis d'Aulan, justly termed the father of the unfortunate. But their attempts to speak in his favour, were unsuccessful; their voices were drowned in the cries and vociferations of the wretches who surrounded the gallows.

"'Yes! yes! they exclaimed: 'since he chooses to pay off the scores of the carrier, let him die!'

"And the noble-minded Marquis was immediately hanged."

*The Tour de la Glacière.*

"What saved the city of Avignon on this fatal day, was the coolness and courage of the Chevalier d'Aymar, mayor of Orange, who, with his national guard, restored tranquillity,—for a time at least. It was on the 6th of October of the following year, that the horrible catastrophe of the *Tour de la Glacière* took place. A man of the name of L'Ecuyer, addressing the people in the church of the Cordeliers, was stabbed to death with scissars by a troop of women, or rather furies. They themselves carried the body in procession round the city, stating that it was the corpse of a victim, whose murder must be avenged. The people rose, broke open the prison, and tore from their asylum of grief, wretches who now feared to leave it, and clung with despair to the bars of their cells. Sixty-three individuals of all ages and both sexes, were precipitated into the *Tour de la Glacière*, into which quick lime had previously been thrown, but without water. The first who reached the bottom were suffocated; and among these were M. Lami, the architect, and his son. They were found close to each other, the son kneeling before his father."

The following account of Cimarosa will be some relief to this dark tale of horrors, and we hope interesting to our musical readers:—

*Cimarosa.*

"This great master of harmony was born at Naples (Capo-di-Monte), and educated at the Conservatory of Loretto, where he followed the school of the incomparable Durante. On leaving the Conservatory, he, like all other young composers, had to seek a patron, which he had the good fortune to find in Madame Ballante, whose immense wealth enabled her to afford liberal encouragement to the fine arts. She supported with her patronage the genius of the young musician, and she soon had the satisfaction to perceive that his growing celebrity conferred a considerable degree of honour upon herself. Madame Ballante had a daughter, who heard not with indifference the beautiful voice of Cimarosa giving utterance to his still more beautiful music. She soon loved him deeply; and Madame Ballante, with the feelings of a mother who had alone in view the happiness of her child, consented to their union. Its joys were, however, of short duration; for after a few fleeting months of bliss, the young and tender wife was cut off in the midst of her hap-

piness, and Cimarosa left the widowed father of a son. His grief was overwhelming; but he at length yielded to the entreaties of Madame Ballante to marry again. This lady had adopted and brought up an orphan girl as her child. She took her to Cimarosa: 'This, my friend,' she said, 'is my second daughter.' Alas! happiness seemed not destined for a man so peculiarly qualified to enjoy it as Cimarosa. His second wife died very young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

"Cimarosa had a fine mind: his feelings were those of a being superior to the best of ordinary men. He had great powers of intellect, and an abundant store of general knowledge, independent of the fine spirituality of his transcendent genius. He sang better than the most celebrated artists; and his manner of accompanying was beautiful beyond description. My brother, who was a passionate admirer of Cimarosa's compositions, as all must be who can feel music, told me that he once had a musical battle with this celebrated composer, which lasted a whole morning. It was who should first tire the other. Cimarosa was at the piano, and my brother at the harp. The former would give out a subject, and Albert would make variations upon it on his harp. Cimarosa would then sing it in every key, and in every measure, as barcarola, canzonza, polacca, romanza, &c. 'These were the most agreeable hours,' my brother has often said to me, 'that I ever spent.' The facility of improvisation is an extraordinary and enchanting gift of nature, which Cimarosa possessed in rare perfection; and when, at a party, he sang extemporaneously a delightful song, to which he improvised words with marvellous facility, it was impossible to avoid bestowing upon him the epithet of *divine*, of which my personal admiration of him justifies the use in this work. He was a lively, pleasant companion, fond of laughter; and he possessed, in the highest degree, that quality so generally the concomitant of superior genius,—I mean, generosity. How many unfortunate emigrants were succoured by Cimarosa! At Paris, when the beautiful *finale* of the 'Matrimonio,' 'Pria che spunti,' or 'Quelle pupille tenere,' elicited almost frantic applause, it is well known that the profit of these immortal productions was devoted to assuage the misfortunes of many of our unhappy countrymen. But we were then living under a government unable to appreciate the virtue of such a man. Instead of a civic crown in the name of the admiring country, persecution, fetters, and torture were the rewards bestowed upon Parthenope's brightest glory, for having exercised the most noble philanthropy. It is well known that the persecutions which Cimarosa underwent were the cause of his premature death.

"Madame Ballante, also a victim of the troubles which divided their beautiful country, lost all her fortune. A mind like Cimarosa's could only utter accents pure and lovely as his thoughts. He had the happiness to receive his benefactress at his own house. 'You are mistress here,' said he; 'for is not everything I possess yours? Are you not my mother,—nay, more than mother, my best and dearest benefactress?'

"Cimarosa endeavoured to struggle against royal terrorism, but it was of no avail. Neapolitan terrorism was more exquisitely atrocious than any other, and its cruelty more permanently active; which is saying a great deal. The horrible crimes committed at Naples are generally unknown; but when the eye of historic research shall penetrate that page of iniquity—when it shall behold the murders, the judicial robberies, the religious persecutions—the mind of the honest historian will shrink back with horror. And when he afterwards learns that a woman—aye, a woman—commanded the exe-

cution of all these horrors, what will he then feel?

"Cimarosa, scarcely fifty years of age, died on the 10th of January, 1801. His name and works will be immortal."

Madame la Duchesse, in her account of the private theatricals at Malmaison, relates a laughable anecdote, which we here transcribe:—

#### *Isabey and the First Consul.*

"I have already stated that our actors were very good. One of the best,—perhaps the very best, with the exception only of Hortense,—was Isabey, the miniature-painter. Although useful to us, he suddenly ceased taking a part in our plays. This circumstance has been but obscurely explained: it originated in the following ludicrous cause.

"One day, the first Consul, having returned from his ride, crossed the small gallery next to the middle saloon at Malmaison, and stopped to look at a book of engravings placed upon a table at the end of the gallery looking into the park. Isabey, who had just left the theatre, entered through an opposite door. At this period the first Consul was very thin, and wore the uniform of the *Guides* or *Chasseurs à Cheval*, belonging to the body guard. Eugène Beauharnais was then colonel of that fine regiment. Isabey, who had not heard the first consul come in, seeing at the end of the gallery a short, slim personage, dressed in the uniform of the *Guides*, and wearing two epaulets, naturally concluded that it was Eugène Beauharnais, with whom he was very intimate, and whom he determined to surprise. Dextrous, light, and easy in his motions as a cat, he advanced softly without making the slightest noise, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, leaped with a single spring upon the shoulders of the first Consul, and sat astride upon his neck. Napoleon, who thought that the house was falling over his head, and that the devil had come to strangle him, was thrown down by the impetus of the demon. He rose, got rid of his strange collar, which in his turn he threw with violence upon the ground, and presented to the stupefied countenance of Isabey features which he certainly did not expect to behold at that moment.

"What means this joke?" said he, in a severe tone.

"I thought it was Eugène," stammered the young artist.

"And if it had been Eugène," replied the first Consul, 'was it necessary to dislocate his shoulder?' Saying this, he left the gallery.

"This story soon got wind, notwithstanding the care taken to prevent it. The first Consul had too much tact not to know that the laugh was not on his side. Isabey had the same perception of the ridicule that would fall upon Napoleon, and both would fain have covered the circumstance with the veil of silence. But whether the artist, in the first moment of his alarm, had related the circumstance to Eugène himself, or whether the first Consul had said something to Madame Bonaparte, certain it is, that the matter became known. Pains were afterwards taken to contradict the story. If this ridiculous circumstance were the cause of Isabey's departure, and his forced secession from our dramatic company, it was a palpable injustice, and one without object; for, to avoid laughing at the idea of Isabey thus scaling or escalating the first Consul, it was necessary to be descended in a direct line, and without *mésalliance*, from either Timon or Heracles."

The following places the character of Napoleon in an amiable light.

#### *Anecdote of Napoleon and Junot.*

"A woman of high rank and fashion was implicated in a conspiracy under the consulate,

by the selfish thoughtlessness of a young hair-brained coxcomb, who asked her for an asylum. I forget whether it was in the affair of the infernal machine, or that of Chevalier; but it is certain, that the lady had no concern whatever with the plot, of which she was totally ignorant. The young man was a lieutenant in Colonel Fournier's regiment. He was deeply implicated; and instead of giving a candid explanation to the person to whom he applied for concealment, and whom his application might involve in serious difficulties, he concealed from her the political motive of his proscription. The *gendarmier*, who traced him closely, soon found him out, and took him from under the protection of Madame Montesson; for his benefactress was no other than that distinguished lady. As soon as she knew the truth, she sent to request that Junot would come to her. The first Consul had the highest esteem and regard for this lady; Madame Bonaparte was much attached to her; she was herself deserving of the high consideration she enjoyed; and the idea of her name appearing in any judicial proceedings, was in the greatest degree painful to her. Junot immediately perceived that she was in no way to blame; the report was altered, and the name of Madame Montesson did not appear in it, because it was unnecessary. Some time after this, the first Consul said to Junot:

"In whose house was the young lieutenant of the twelfth arrested?"

"Junot was at first taken by surprise, but, soon recovering his presence of mind, he recollected that he had made the police officers put in the report, that the lieutenant was apprehended in the Champs-Élysées. He made the same statement to the first Consul; the latter began to laugh.

"Thy memory is none of the best, friend Junot," he said, pulling Junot's ear. This caress, a strong voucher for the absence of angry feelings, tranquillized Junot, 'Thou hast forgotten: he was taken at Madame Montesson's.' Then looking serious, Napoleon added:

"My dear Junot, thou didst well to comply with Madame Montesson's request; for she is a woman for whom I entertain the highest respect. Thy conduct was, therefore, very proper, in causing her name to be omitted in the report; but thou shouldst have communicated it to me verbally."

"Here we have a specimen of that peculiarity of Napoleon's temper, which made him desirous of knowing EVERYTHING, and evince displeasure at the least mystery. Junot begged to know the name of the secret informer—it was Fouché."

The following is an anecdote of the *ancien régime*.

#### *Madame, wife of Monsieur, and M. de Crequi.*

"Madame, the wife of Louis XVIII., being one day at Versailles, in her house of Montreuil, with M. de Crequi, whose acute and caustic wit was so well known, said to him in a complaining tone—

"Can you imagine, M. de Crequi, that the Queen carries her enmity towards me so far, that she accuses me of being too fond of my gardener? See how blind hatred is! Why, the poor man is infirm, and eighty years old. Only look at him, and see how he walks."

"Madame," replied M. de Crequi, bowing low, 'Your Royal Highness is in too exalted a station to be injured by words. But I must rectify a mistake under which you appear to lie. It is not that lame and gouty old man whom report has made the hero of this calumny, but that handsome young man of five and twenty, whom I perceive further down, watering the flowers.'"

Madame Recamier was the rival beauty of Madame Tallien. All Europe has resounded

with the fame of her exquisite loveliness. Several years have now elapsed since Madame Recamier, shining in the full splendour of matronly beauty, retired from the world to spend the remainder of her life in solitude and religious meditation. We think the amiable Duchess's account of this once leading star of beauty and fashion at Paris, may excite interest.

*Madame Recamier.*

"The first time I beheld Madame Recamier was at M. de Sprengporten's. I had often heard her mentioned; and I confess that my mother had, in some measure, influenced my judgment of her, by persuading me, after she had persuaded herself, that Madame Recamier was what is commonly called a *wonder*; that is to say, a person exaggerated beyond her just claims to celebrity. How then was I surprised when I caught the first glimpse of that lovely countenance—so blooming, so young, and so exquisitely beautiful. But how much greater was my astonishment when I perceived the painful timidity with which she supported her triumph! It could be seen, no doubt, that she was pleased and happy at being deemed the Queen of Beauty; but it was also evident, that she was pained and terrified at the angry glances of her humiliated rivals, whom certainly the disclosure of their envy did not render one jot more amiable, and who, for the sake of their own interest, should, like me, have contemplated with calm delight, her lovely features, and have exclaimed, as I did, 'Heavens! how beautiful she is!'

"And, in truth, Madame Recamier deserved the epithet of beautiful, so rarely bestowed upon just grounds, and yet so prodigally lavished. Such praise is given to even ordinary women; and politeness and good-breeding think they have performed all that is required of them, when, of a woman who might pass through life without being remarked, although perhaps rather good-looking than otherwise, who must needs be praised because she has a large fortune and keeps open house, they say, 'She is a beautiful creature!' Thus is the word destined to describe all that nature has produced most exquisitely perfect, rendered common-place, whilst it would certainly have been more proper to say, 'She is a fine woman!' Now, in my judgment, nothing is more vulgar than those faces with large eyes, a straight nose, a mouth adorned with pearly teeth and red lips, accompanied by handsome shoulders and a good leg and foot—I will even add, a finely-moulded hand and arm. Demand from those eyes one soul-kindling look—from that mouth one single smile conveying the sacred expression of intellect—that Grecian or Roman nose to diverge a hair's-breadth from its solemn right line, and show, by a slight motion of the nostrils, that there is a play of muscles in that face;—demand this, and you will get no answer;—you will find a statue in fine marble, but mute and cold.

"It is different with Madame Recamier. Her look beams intellect, her smile is lovely, her words full of benevolence, and her accent 'sweet music.' The first time I saw her, she made a profound impression upon me. I admired her with that sensation which we experience in contemplating a perfect work; and I have since endeavoured to account for my feelings. I attribute them as much to the perfection of her mind as of her person. She was a compound of ingenuous gracefulness, talent and goodness, harmonized by that delicacy which alone forms the charm of loveliness. I have often discovered a resemblance between her and the Madonnas of the pious Italian painters; but this resemblance was purely intellectual. It proceeded not from regularity of

features, but from that soul which animated her eyes and beamed forth from under her long eyelashes, and from the high and intellectual forehead, blushing under its fillet of leno, the only head-dress with which, for many years, she set off the charms of her countenance. In the smile which so often separated her lips of rose, you might perceive the innocent joy of a young and ravishing creature, happy to please and be loved—who saw nothing but bliss in nature, and answered the salutation of love which met her on all sides, by an expression of silent benevolence. She was grateful to life for being so beautiful and joyful.

"In England, Madame Recamier encountered the same enthusiasm. There was always a crowd wherever she passed. The charm, whose power I have before expressed, has the same magic influence among all nations. There is in beauty and goodness an authority which is exercised without appeal.

"When I first met Madame Recamier at M. de Sprengporten's, she was in the bloom of beauty, and the spring-time of her brilliant existence. M. Recamier was at the head of one of the greatest banking-houses at Paris. His reverses were unexpected—they could not be foreseen;—for how could it be believed that one of the most respected and useful members of French commerce would be allowed to encounter singly, and without aid, the brunt of disasters such as M. Recamier suffered? He could, therefore, at the period I am speaking of, afford to lavish upon his young and lovely wife every enjoyment of luxury and opulence, and thus repay, though inadequately, the affectionate attentions, and the happiness with which she embellished his life. His house, fitted up by Bertaute, was a delightful place of residence; and nothing could be compared to the parties he gave to the foreigners recommended to him, and whom certainly the desire of seeing Madame Recamier had influenced in selecting him for their banker. Curiosity first attracted them to his house, and they were fixed there by a charm, operating upon the aged as upon the youthful,—upon women as upon men."

MANUFACTURES,

*Being an Article under that Title, from the Pen of Mr. Babbage, in Parts 22 and 33 of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'*

[Second Notice.]

THE second chapter of Mr. Babbage's treatise, which is much larger than the first, is devoted to the economical principles of manufactures. The leading points discussed in it, are,—

1. The division of labour.
2. The size of factories.
3. The position of factories.
4. The application of machinery.
5. The duration of machinery.
6. Combinations.
7. Taxes and restrictions; and
8. Exportation of machinery.

The advantages of the division of labour, in producing cheaper and better articles, is now very generally admitted; but, that there are also evils attendant upon it, cannot be denied. If man is to be considered merely as a machine for the performance of labour, and worthy of no more care and consideration than the mere money price of the labour which he has performed, the division of labour would be an unmixed good. But the moment that view of man is taken, there arises the question—"for whom should he labour?" And, if it be not "for his own enjoyment as a rational and thinking being," truly the answer is not easy to be found.

That pins are cheaper and neater, for passing through the hands of many, we admit is true, and it is true that they are cheaper and neater still, when they are made by a machine driven by a man—or a mill-horse. But people work at these extreme "division-of-labour" branches from their very infancy; and for every pair of hands thus employed, there is a mind sacrificed. "*N'importe*," says the political economist, "pins are excellent and cheap." Be it so: *Chacun à son goût*. "Slavery" is an ugly term; but a slave in the open fields, with the shining sun and the springing plants to look at, is happy, compared to him who turns a wheel and holds a piece of wire, from his cradle to his grave. The additional argument, stated by Mr. Babbage in favour of the division of labour, is a good one. It is, in substance, that a judicious division of the processes among a number of hands, enables the master to set each to the work for which he is best fitted, and thus to have no unemployed human power. In the application of that principle, there remains much to be done; but there is one great obstacle in the way—children go to their employments before either their strength or their talents be developed. If half the money which has been laid out upon *infant schools* had been laid out for the *prevention of infant labour*, the effect upon the moral and physical health and efficiency of the population would have been most beneficial.

The illustrations which Mr. Babbage gives of this point, are clear; and the analysis which he recommends of the processes of manufactures, is judicious. The pin-making, and the comparison of the hand-making with the machine, are amusing.

At the calculating machine, Mr. Babbage is quite at home; but the old "counting board" for accounts would have been a better illustration than the three clocks. That board had wheels for pence, shillings, and pounds, with any number of figures for the last. A complete revolution of each wheel, turned the wheel above it one mark; and the wheel turned, showed what remained. Thus, if the pence wheel stood at 7, and 9 had to be added, the shillings wheel moved one more, and the pence wheel stood at 4. In subtracting, the wheels were turned the other way. In multiplying, each was turned as many times the addition way as the multiplier; and, in dividing, each was turned as many times the subtraction way as the divisor.

The principle that should regulate the size of factories, is well stated; though we doubt if the manufacturers themselves will admit it. Their belief, like that of farmers, is, that their own method is the best. "When," says Mr. B., "the number of processes into which it is most convenient to divide it, (the manufacture,) is ascertained, as well as the number of individuals to be employed, then all other manufactures that do not employ a direct multiple of this number, will produce the article at a greater cost." That is not only true, but we have some suspicion that it is a truism, and is but another way of saying that a well-regulated manufactory is preferable to an ill-regulated one. At all events, the analysis by the manufacturers would do good—we cannot have too much analytical knowledge—anatomy, thorough dissection, is the foundation of all useful knowledge; and lumping things, without



knowledge of their parts, is the bane of knowledge—the strong hold of quackery and imposition. The “bundle of rods” has, perhaps, more applications than any other fable; and till ignorance is divided, we cannot conquer it. In considering this part of the subject, it must be borne in mind that it is the mechanical parts only of the process that should be divided. Every man in the factory should, if possible, know the whole, because, then, when skilful hands improve their own departments, they can make them in such a way as to be most advantageous to the whole; for it is the interest of every hand in a manufactory, that every other hand should be as skilful as his own, however different their operations may be. Each man should consider that it is not the master, but the men themselves who pay the wages; and so the more skilfully they all work, they will fare the better.

Large capitals sometimes come in for a share of the odium which is properly expressed against unfair monopoly, though the evil of the monopoly is not the power, but merely the abuse of the power. A large capital, like great talents, should be the means of great good; and in the majority of cases it is so. The aberrations of genius are indeed far more glaring than those of the blockheads; but we must not allow the blockheads the foremost place on that account. Dead men never commit crimes; but they do no good. Great capitals ought to do great good. Mr. Babbage instances the advantage both in economy and in character; and he is right: and that point might have borne more extensive illustration, and perhaps ought, as it would tend to root out a prejudice.

With regard to the position of factories, the question is not very clearly expounded; and indeed it depends on many principles, which it is difficult to generalize. Where the cost of the materials and that of getting the produce to market, form a minimum, that is clearly the best place. That, however, depends on many circumstances. One would not at first suppose that Lancashire was the very best place for the people of India to erect factories for spinning their cotton, and yet such is the fact. It sounds too a little curious at first, when one is told that the glass-maker to the King of Persia, and the watch-maker to the Emperor of China live in London: and that the belles of London and Paris have their manufactories of attar of roses on the banks of the Ganges.

On the application of machinery, Mr. Babbage is at home again—rather fatigued too, for he dozes, or at all events dreams a little. The stocking-frame and engine-printing are all very well; but the idea of conveying the mail-bag to Bristol by an apparatus of posts and wires, borders on the ludicrous, and puts one in mind of the project of the exhausted tube, by means of which the mail coach (if we remember rightly) was to be sent to Brighton with the velocity of a cannon-shot. The idea of propelling a vessel, crew and all, below water, by means of air condensed to a liquid, is rather strange; and we can never think of those submarine peregrinations, without being put in mind of Dean Shipley's proposal to relieve our army, when hemmed up by Washington in America, by means of a tunnel from the mines in Wales to the Atlantic. There seems, however, to be

a fondness for these matters among philosophers. Some years ago Professor Leslie had high expectations from an “odd pile,” of which somebody exhibited a sort of model in Edinburgh, and in which it was proposed to come to London. Now, before those matters are entered upon, we would humbly propose one more worthy of recondite inventive powers—LET THEM FIND A STEAM-ENGINE THAT CAN RECOMPOSE ITS OWN FUEL, that is possible, and would be invaluable.

The slumber is not long, however; and the remarks that follow on the province and comparative simplicity of mechanical invention, and the line that separates it from physical and chemical experiment, are very judicious. These remarks, and those on failure, and on the danger of reinventing that which has been invented before, are well worthy of being read.

The remarks on the durability of machines and manufactured articles, are judicious.

Mr. Babbage condemns combinations in general, whether of masters or of men. At the same time he gives some instances in which combination-strikes among the workmen, have led to the invention of machines, which did the work far cheaper. It is needless to add, that the workmen suffer in all combinations; and that combinations for equality of wages are bounties on bad workmen, and taxes on good.

On the effect of taxes and restrictions, and the exportation of machinery, we have no room to enter in the meantime. The effect of taxes and restrictions on the productive powers of the country, every one knows to be mischievous; and Mr. Babbage has some very sensible remarks on the fertility of the objections usually made to the exportation of machinery.

The points discussed in this second chapter are of a much more general and less technical character than those in the former; and what Mr. Babbage states, can be regarded only as a catalogue; but it is, in the best sense of the word, a Catalogue Raisonné.

In taking our leave of this subject, we are happy to correct an error into which we may have led the reader in our former notice—Mr. Babbage's paper is prefatory to one volume of the Encyclopedia, which will treat solely of the application of machinery to manufactures, and which may be considered as a separate work as well as a portion of the Encyclopedia, and may be purchased separately. We rejoice in this, because the general circulation of such treatises is more wanted than almost any other kind of reading; and it is most wanted among those who are the least able to purchase, and at leisure to read voluminous Encyclopædias.

*The Democrat, a Tale; and the Hugonot, a Tale.* 3 vols. London, 1832. Bull; Hatchard & Son.

We rise from the perusal of these volumes disappointed and sorrowful: they display much amiable feeling, no small power in the conception and delineation of character, no little talent for graphic and vigorous description; but the writer, unfortunately, has been too anxious to blend the sermon with the novel, and the result has been a failure. It is a sign of good dispositions rather than good sense to try to make the circulating library an auxiliary either to the cathedral or the con-

venticle, for the attempt shows a lamentable ignorance of the true nature and use of fiction. The novelist may, and ought, to inculcate sound moral principle, not by putting long and laboured abridgments of Paley and Erskine into the mouth of one of his *dramatis personæ*, but by showing these principles in active operation—affecting life and conduct. A great evil resulting from the attempts to convert infidels by means of fictitious narrative, has been the suggestion of doubts to the minds of sincere believers, doubts of which the authors by no means supply adequate solutions. Tremaine itself, unquestionably the best novel of this class, has produced mischief by unsettling the faith of many who never knew before that Christianity was liable to the objections which the author has put into the mouth of his hero: whether this evil has been counterbalanced by its having made any converts from infidelity, we have yet to learn. But the author of the tales before us has undertaken to teach politics as well as religion, and has laboured to revive the exploded doctrine of passive obedience. The attempt has been made a century too late; that slavish dogma is dead and buried, and no *Resurgam* is inscribed upon its tomb.

*Sketch of the History of the Church of England to the Revolution 1688.* By Thomas Vowler Short, B.D., Student of Christ Church, and Rector of Kingsworthy, Hants. 2 vols. Oxford, 1832. Printed for the Author.

“The author of the present Sketch discovered, after he had been admitted into orders, that the knowledge of English ecclesiastical history which he possessed was very deficient. It was on a point concerning which, information was not to be readily obtained, but in which he felt that he ought to have made diligent search during the professional preparation of himself, on which every educated man, who is engaged in the instruction of others, is peculiarly bound to enter; he was distressed, that his knowledge of the sects among the philosophers of Athens was greater than his information on questions which affect the church of England; and he determined to devote a considerable portion of those few hours which a laborious employment left at his disposal to the study of the history of our own church.”

Such is the history of the composition of this work. The story of ignorance is not that of the reverend author alone—the same may be said of hundreds of his fellow students; nor can it well be otherwise: so much of human life is consumed in the study of the ancient languages, that little time is left to acquire extensive knowledge of anything modern; he who is great in Latin and in Greek may be as ignorant as he chooses of all works of learning and genius, written in any living language. With regard to the History—the fruit of the author's desire to instruct himself in clerical knowledge—it exhibits everywhere a love of truth, a patience of research, and a desire to be candid and indulgent. Nor is the author deficient either in the construction of his narrative, or in the delineation of such characters as honoured the church by their benevolence and genius, or injured it by their passions and ambition. It is, however, far from being such a work as we could wish to see—it is too contracted and sketchy: the Reformation alone would require the space which the whole

history occupies; nor do we anywhere see the true cause of the overthrow of the church of Rome stated. It has always appeared to us, that Rome was right in much that we upbraided her for; she was right in spreading a knowledge of christianity among people, whose language she did not know, by means of signs and symbols; and she was right in preserving the prayers and precepts of religion in Latin, amid the barbarous jargons which were then spoken in Europe: but she was wrong in clinging to her symbols and her Latin when printing diffused knowledge, and learning, becoming universal, settled the national languages of Europe. We recommend these volumes to such readers as have not patience or leisure to consult rare or extensive works: the style is plain and unostentatious.

*Pen and Pencil Sketches of India.* By Capt. Mundy, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. With twenty-six illustrations by Landseer of Indian Field Sports. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

WE were obliged last week to defer our second notice of these entertaining volumes, to make room for other novelties. We shall now resume our extracts, after commending the work itself to all who desire to pass a few hours delightfully. The following is an account of the introduction of the Commander-in-Chief to

#### *The Great Mogul!*

"The Dewānee Khās is a beautiful open edifice, supported on white marble columns, the whole elegantly inlaid and gilt. The roof is said to have been vaulted with silver in the more prosperous days of the Delhi empire, but it was spoiled by those common devastators of India, the Maharrattas. Around the cornice still remains the (now, at least, inapplicable) inscription, 'If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.' The throne, occupying the centre of the building, is raised about three feet from the floor, and shaded by a canopy of gold tissue and seed-pearl. There are no steps to the front of the throne, the entrance being in the rear. Seated cross-legged upon it, and supported by surrounding cushions, we found the present representative of the Great Mogul. He is a fine-looking old man, his countenance dignified, and his white beard descending upon his breast. On his right hand stood his youngest and favourite son, Selim, and on the left the heir-apparent, a mean-looking personage, and shabbily attired in comparison with his younger brother. It was impossible to contemplate without feelings of respect, mingled with compassion, the descendant of Baber, Acbar, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, reduced, as he is now, to the mere shadow of a monarch; especially when one reflected that, had it not been for European intrigues and interference, this man, instead of being the dependent pensioner of a handful of merchants, might perhaps still, like his ancestors, have been wielding the sceptre of the richest and most extensive dominions in the world. Whilst employed in these cogitations, a provoking wag whispered in my ear, 'Do you trace any resemblance to the Mogul on the cover of a pack of cards?' and I with great difficulty *hemmed* away a violent burst of laughter in the presence of 'the Asylum of the Universe.'

"The old monarch, mindful of his dignity, scarcely deigned to notice, even by a look, the Commander-in-Chief as he approached to present his 'nuzzar' of fifty gold mohurs.† He

did not even condescend to raise his eyes towards the rest of the party, as we advanced one by one, salaamed, and offered our three gold mohurs. His air, however, was not haughty, but he affected a sleepy, dignified indifference, as he scraped the money from our hands, and handed it to his treasurer. The staff presented likewise a nuzzar of two gold mohurs to the heir-apparent.

"On receiving Lord Combermere's offering, the King placed a turban, similar to his own, upon his head, and his lordship was conducted, retiring with his face sedulously turned towards the throne, to an outer apartment, to be invested with a khillāt, or dress of honour. In about five minutes he returned to the presence, attired in a spangled muslin robe and tunic; salaamed, and presented another nuzzar. The staff were then led across the quadrangle by the 'grooms of the robes' to the 'green room,' where a quarter of an hour was sufficiently disagreeably employed by us in arraying ourselves, with the aid of the grooms, in silver muslin robes, and sirpaches or fillets, of the same material, tastily bound round our cocked-hats. Never did I behold a group so ludicrous as we presented when our toilette was accomplished; we wanted nothing but a 'Jack o' the Green' to qualify us for a May-day exhibition of the most exaggerated order. In my gravest moments, the recollection of this scene provokes an irresistible fit of laughter. As soon as we had been decked out in this satisfactory guise, we were marched back again through the Lal Purdar and crowds of spectators, and reconducted to the Dewānee Khās, where we again separately approached His Majesty to receive from him a tiara of gold and false stones, which he placed with his own hands on our hats. As we got not even 'the estimation of a hair' without paying for it, we again presented a gold mohur each. The Honourable Company, of course, 'paid for all,' and our gold mohurs were handed to us by the resident. It was a fine pay-day for the impoverished old Sultan, whose 'pay and allowances' are only twelve lacs of rupees, or 120,000*l.* a-year. His ancestor the Emperor of Acbar's revenue, was somewhat better; including presents, and estates of officers of the crown falling in, it amounted to about fifty-two millions sterling."

#### *Gigantic Observatory near Delhi.*

"Rode with Mr. Trevelyan, who is an excellent cicero, to see some interesting ruins in the neighbourhood. The first place we reached was the gigantic astronomical observatory, supposed to be a work of the Hindoo Rajah, Jey Sing, in the seventeenth century. There is a dial in very good repair, the gnomon of which is sixty feet high, of solid stone masonry. These enormous instruments appear as though they had been manufactured by the Titans, in order to take a reconnaissance of the heavens, before they commenced their siege of Olympus."

#### *Extraordinary Leap.*

"The tank is surrounded on all sides by ancient buildings of picturesque architecture, and various heights, from twenty to sixty feet above the surface of the water, which is deep and dark, and, as the sun can only reach it during two or three hours in the day, at this season extremely cold. Entering at an arched gateway, we were conducted to the top of a flight of steps leading down to the water's edge. As soon as we had stationed ourselves there, a figure, flauntingly attired in pink muslin, presented itself at the angle of a house opposite, about thirty feet high; and, on my holding up a rupee, immediately sprang from the roof, foot foremost, and plunged into the cold tank. Several other men and one little boy jumped from the same height, the latter cutting through the water with as little disturbance to its surface, and the same sharp, sudden sound as a penny causes when dropped edgeways into a cistern.

• • • The last leap I saw here quite took away my breath. The performer paused some time before he committed himself to the air, but he could not withstand the appeal of a rupee. He sprang from the dome of a mosque, over a lower building and a tree growing out of the masonry, down sixty or seventy feet, into the dark abyss. The water closed over his head, and had resumed the smoothness of its surface ere he re-appeared. He swam to the ghaut, however, without apparent distress."

But if extracts are to give the reader any notion of the real nature of a work, we must select at least one hunting scene; for the Captain has a marvellous passion for field sports:—

#### *A Tiger Hunt.*

"After breakfast, a party of five started in gigs, and drove to the village, where we mounted our elephants, and entered the forest. We found immense quantities of game, wild hogs, hog-deer, spotted deer, and the *niel-ghe* (literally, blue cow). I also saw here, for the first time, the jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, in appearance something between the game-cock and bantam. We, however, strictly abstained from firing, reserving our whole battery for the nobler game, the tiger. It was perhaps fortunate we did not find one in the thick part of the forest, as the trees were so close set, and so interwoven with thorns and parasite plants, that the elephants were often obliged to clear themselves a passage by their own pioneering exertions. It is curious, on these occasions, to see the enormous trees these animals will overthrow. On a word from the Mahout, they place their foreheads against the obnoxious plant, twisting their trunks round it, and gradually bending it towards the ground until they can place a foot upon it—this done, down comes the tree with crashing stem and upturned roots. The elephant must be well educated to accomplish this duty in a *gentleman-like* manner, that is, without roaring sulkily, or shaking his master by too violent exertions."

"On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his *ankos*,† which I had refused to allow him to recover: and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock,

† An iron goad to drive the elephant."

† A gold mohur is worth sixteen rupees. The rupee was always estimated at half-a-crown when I received it, and at two shillings when I paid it!"

that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace."

In addition to the attractions of the work itself, it is illustrated by numberless spirited etchings, by Landseer. We must, however, conclude—we are half inclined to add, for the present; for, unless there be more bustle in the publishing world than we can reasonably anticipate in these political times, it is not improbable that we may transfer into our pages a few more of the many passages we had marked as deserving to be extracted.

*Conjectures concerning the Identity of the Patriarch Job, &c.* By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, B.A., Exeter College. Oxford, 1832.

ON a subject concerning which much is guessed and little known, this is a very interesting and sober pamphlet. As an essay in a periodical, it would have attracted more notice and been better preserved, for, in truth, when all is read, and all is said that the inquiry admits of, the result makes a very "little boke," that, contrary to its desert, may be buried among larger tomes. Independent of the usual learned sources, Mr. Lysons has been among those patient hunters after shadow, the Germans; in fact, his pamphlet is a kind of summing up of all the evidence adduced for Job's real existence, the situation of Uz, and Moses being the writer of the history. The original feature in the pamphlet, is Mr. Lysons' conjecture, that the Job mentioned in Genesis as a son of Issachar, the son of Jacob, is no other than "the Job whose sufferings are recorded in our Canon," thus accounting for his knowledge of the true God, and placing the period of his birth (according to Dr. Lloyd's chronology) in the year B.C. 1710—and his death about nineteen years before the delivery of the Israelites by Moses. The pamphlet contains two genealogical tables in explanation of this conjecture, and also a map of the land of Uz. Whoever Job was, wherever and whenever he lived, and whatever may be the peculiar difficulties connected with this portion of the Canon, it seems not more difficult than dangerous, to disbelieve that he was a real person, and that the book which bears his name is real history. We commend Mr. Lysons' conjectures to those who ought to make Biblical criticism erudite as well as dogmatic. The Arabs yet hold the name of Job in veneration, and often give it their children in memory of the patriarch: indeed, we have heard an anecdote (which we believe to be true) of a European traveller having found, not many years ago, the patriarchal appellation a tower of strength. He met in Mesopotamia, and secured the friendship of an Arab chief, who not merely bore the name of Job, but claimed descent from the patriarch: how he established his proofs, we know not; certain it is, his arm

was strong and his power great; for, our traveller being afterwards taken prisoner by the Kurds, was delivered from the bastinado by threatening them with his friend Job.

*Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma, e sulla segreta influenza ch' esercito nella Letteratura d'Europa, e specialmente d'Italia, come Risulta da molti suoi Classici, massime da Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Disquisizioni di Gabriele Rossetti.*

*Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced Reform, and on the secret influence which it exercised on the Literature of Europe, and especially of Italy.* By Gabriele Rossetti, Professor of the Italian Language and Literature in King's College, London. Treuttel, Würtz & Co.

THE subject of Dr. Rossetti's work is one of considerable interest. Religion could never have been made the instrument of imposition and tyranny, had not the minds of men been previously subjected to numerous debasing circumstances. Truth can only be corrupted, when it ceases to be generally valued or understood; and no Bishop of Rome, though his power had been tenfold what it was, could have compelled the people to receive a new article into their creed, or reject one which they deemed it essential to retain. Spiritual tyranny may be supported for temporal purposes by force, but it cannot be founded in force. Christianity was corrupted systematically and by authority, if we may use such an expression, at a very early period. The doctrine of expediency was the immediate growth of the Byzantine court, and most of the evils which have deformed the face of Christendom might be foreseen, when it began to be regarded as sound policy by the emperors and their ecclesiastical advisers, to secure the fidelity of the half-converted Pagans, by blending Christian ordinances with the pomp of splendid ceremonies. The Popes of Rome, in fact, when they commenced their system of usurpation, had received a rich bequest of corruption, and with this they speculated boldly and wisely; and, scarcely venturing on a step for which there was not apparent encouragement in the state of men's minds, they gained their object without much peril or difficulty. Had it not depended, indeed, more on the circumstances of the world, than on the talents or enterprising character of the pontiffs, the dominion of the church could never have been kept so entire for century after century. Few of these men were venerable for their piety; all were not brave or politic; and not many were learned or eloquent: but the triple crown sat almost equally firm on the heads of all; and while improvement was at a stand-still, they had no cause for fear.

It is only, however, on a very cursory view of the state of mankind during the middle ages, that the prospect presents itself to us as one of unvaried intellectual darkness. The human mind is not so wholly dependent on learning or artificial education, as we are accustomed to imagine, and literary history, from which most of our opinions are derived respecting the ordinary intelligence of a people, is not to be always depended upon as an absolute or universal rule. Besides, the soil of the moral world is always pregnant with the harvest of truth. The

precious seed may not be able to spring forth generally, but it is there; the soil is conscious of the rich deposit, and every now and then the green blade will be discovered bursting through the obstacles which retard its growth. This had long been the case when the father of Italian poetry appeared in the world, as the bold and enlightened vindicator of truth and liberty. He found his countrymen ready to wield the stoutest scourge he could prepare for their use. The shameful usurpations of the church, the vices of the clergy and their chief, the opposition of pride, luxury and sensuality to the simple purity of the gospel, were as plainly understood then as now; and the antipapal spirit, which Dr. Rossetti traces throughout the works of a large conclave of poets, was no more a phenomenon, than is the hatred of oppression, which has, in all ages, led men to seek the recovery of their liberties.

But, interesting as it is to discover, that so early a period the power of the Popes was generally regarded by men of sense as founded on injustice, we must be careful not to confound the subject with one of a different kind, though nearly allied to it. It was with the Popes, rather than with error itself, that the contest was carried on. Some centuries were yet to intervene, before Truth was to appear as a combatant in her own cause. Noble, therefore, as were the efforts of Dante, they resolve themselves into his hatred of the tyranny which affected personal rather than mental good. The same may be said of those who struggled with him. Petrarch, from his situation and character, took up the quarrel on different grounds, and fearlessly rebuked the Popes for their licentiousness and avarice, rather than their usurpations of power; but he did little towards freeing his countrymen from the yoke of superstition: and this admirable band of men might have gained their purpose, and seen the reform effected which they desired, to its full extent, and yet left mankind to fight for themselves the heavier part of the battle.

With this limitation to the interest of the subject, the work of Dr. Rossetti may be read with considerable advantage. The reader will still find much to astonish him in the bold clear views of the writers, whose sentiments the learned author is examining; and though it is only a very few who could receive much delight from following him in his mystical researches after *Dantesque* truth, no historical inquirer can feel otherwise than indebted to him, for the copious illustrations he has given of a very important chapter in the annals of modern Europe.

"The learned," says Dr. Rossetti, "have for many years past devoted their labours to the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and have expended in that pursuit much time, talent, and money. But the results have been few and doubtful, and thus the Mediterranean and the Atlantic have been passed, in search of a few miserable relics, hardly snatched from the jaws of time, and deprived by it of all their power of conveying knowledge. It has, however, been thought, that Europe would be enriched thereby with treasures of erudition, and that learning would be strengthened by a new aliment. In the meanwhile, innumerable monuments of figures and hieroglyphics, not less precious and all untouched, are under our eyes and pass through our



hands, and we are unable to appreciate their value, because we know not what they are. Were they interpreted, we should see arising from them a world, in fact, unknown, which would place before our eyes things not foreign to our interests, and pertaining to men of another race, of other customs, and other manners; but things belonging to ourselves—things most important and useful which would discover to us the unknown causes of a thousand effects, and, among others, the following truths."—We shall endeavour to compress the statement which the author gives of the results, which he expects would follow the full investigation of the subject on which he has written; and the reader will thereby be able to form a tolerably clear idea of the nature and contents of his erudite volume.

His first position is, "That the productions which we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as light and pleasing trifles, (piacevoli fole o baje canore,) &c. are compositions of the most profound kind, abounding in hidden doctrine and allusions to secret rite, the inheritance of ancient ages; and that that which has the appearance of fantastic fables, is all of it history expressed in ciphers, which preserve the memory of the secret operations of our forefathers."

Secondly—"That the obscurity which is so usually perceived in these works, was effected by profound study; and that if, as in the case of Dante, it has not been dissipated, this has happened, not because it could not have been done, but because it would have been perilous to do it."

Thirdly—"That the most famous scholars and writers of various times and various countries in Europe, were of this mystical school."

Fourthly—"That the present civilized state of Europe, is, in great part, the production of this school."

Fifthly—"That after the fall of the Latin language, in the provinces where it prevailed, this school was that which cultivated, and by degrees perfected, the modern languages, and contributed most to enlighten the nations."

Sixthly—"That the world, therefore, owes the greatest obligation to this school, which has thus improved it without its knowing from whence the advantage flowed."

Seventhly—"That this laborious school was that which, by its unceasing exertions, excited a hatred against Rome, and thereby led to the Reformation."

Eighthly—"That it effected this object, not merely by its mystical doctrine, but by its general evangelical zeal."

And lastly—"That the, as it were, volcanic eruption of free thoughts, and the effervescence of political feeling, which have at various times agitated the minds and hearts of all Europe, may be regarded as the late effects of the slow but constant labour of this ancient school, which sought to free mankind at the same time from sacerdotal tyranny and monarchical despotism."

Such are the consequences which Dr. Rossetti conceives may be fairly deduced from the influence which ancient scholarship and philosophical mysticism exercised on the minds of men during the middle ages. We doubt much, whether civilization,—under which term is comprehended both the moral, social, and intellectual improvement of the

world,—depends on matters so purely theoretical. It was not Dante's system, but the strong ardent feelings of honesty, which made him a reformer, and gave him the spirit to act and speak as he did. The same may be said of all his most eminent followers; and the same especially, blended with principles which had nothing to do with his erudition, was that which determined Luther, and even the gentle Melancthon, to advocate the cause of truth. But even this would have been insufficient to produce those changes, which our author ascribes to the power of mysticism, had it not been met by the same principles on the part of mankind in general, whom no purely intellectual motive can even either influence or reach. We are disposed, therefore, to dispute the validity of Dr. Rossetti's conclusions; but while we do this, we are not blind to the great merits of his work, which we may safely recommend as one of considerable interest to the general reader, and of great value to the student of history.

*Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, &c.* By William Gore Ouseley, Esq. London, 1832. Rodwell.

Mr. Ouseley was an *attaché* to his Majesty's Legation at Washington, and, before going to the States, had resided many years abroad, in the diplomatic service of his country. On looking over the numberless works lately published on the subject of America, he appears to have agreed with the Americans, that there was too much prejudice and ignorance visible in most of them, and to have set himself calmly to consider the more important subjects treated of, to discuss the different opinions with temper and caution, and, by reference to statistical facts, to prove or disprove assertions; and we have not often read a work, from which, in so brief a space and in so short a time, so many valuable truths could be elicited. Its general character is of course argumentative; and it would perhaps be difficult to do justice to the clear and forcible style of the writer by extract, within any reasonable compass. We may, however, observe, that he well explains the nature of the American government, and the misconceptions on the subject prevalent in Europe—the financial situation of the United States—their laws and the cost of administration—the social position and income of the clergy, and other important subjects naturally connected with these; and he temperately reviews both travellers and reviewers; and this latter is by no means the least valuable part of a work which we recommend to the attentive consideration of all who desire to be informed of the truth on these important and interesting subjects.

*Sketch of the History of Van Dieman's Land, illustrated by a Map of the Island, and an Account of the Van Dieman's Land Company.* By James Bischoff, Esq. London, 1832. Richardson.

THIS work may be considered as a sort of demi-official Report, made by one of the officers to the proprietors of the Van Dieman's Land Company. It contains a brief historical and topographical notice of the island—the progress of the settlement—the present condition and prospects of the settlers—the objects and history of the Van Dieman's Land Company, with an appendix containing some valuable local and official reports. The work is not particularly interesting to those at all acquainted with the subject; it is avowedly a compilation; but it may be valuable to those, and they are unfortunately numerous, who are anxious for authentic information relating to emigration and the colonies.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth,*' by the Rev. Richard Jones, is, we are willing to conclude, rather a sensible book; but, like Jonathan, we must "guess" and "calculate" our way to the conclusion; for we have seldom found a writer wading so deep in the mire of his own words as the author of this volume. We "calculate" also, that his motives are good, and that, if they had been expressed in clearer terms, the world might have been under some considerable obligations to him. But we regret to say, that, for the reason which we have stated, the book will not readily come into general circulation, or be in much favour when it does come. The science of political economy has, unfortunately, been the receptacle of more paradox and misrepresentation than almost any other: the consequence has been, that the very name has something repulsive about it; and we are not sure that the announcement of a lecture on political economy would not be a better way of dispersing a mob than reading the riot act. Mr. Jones states rightly, that observation is the only sure basis upon which the science can be reared: and no man's experience is wide enough for taking in the entire field of human society. That is the real source of the errors; and the man who betakes himself to the study, finds his knowledge so frequently fail him, that he is driven to hypotheses, almost in spite of himself. That was the rock upon which Malthus split, and so also Ricardo, Mill, *et hoc genus omne*. The general principle is, that the tendency of society is to adapt itself to the circumstances of places and times. It does that by the individual judgments of all the millions of people that are in the world; and therefore it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any individual, however learned, properly to understand its laws, or wisely to direct its movements.

'*Brooke and Brooke Farm,*' No. 3, and '*Demerara,*' No. 4, of Miss Martineau's little books in illustration of Political Economy,—have more merit than some works of double the size and ten times the pretensions. Miss Martineau is learned without being a blue-stocking, and she describes with feeling and truth, without lapsing into the deadly sin of sentimentality, wherewithal the tale-writing part of the sex are sorely beset.

'*Maternal Sketches, and other Poems,*' by Eliza Rutherford.—We have often wished a few of our lady authors to quit the side-saddle, turn their high trotting horses to grass, and give us, in earnest gentleness, a few domestic pictures, drawn truly from the heart. What known writers of note have delayed to do, has been accomplished by a stranger: the '*Maternal Sketches*' of Eliza Rutherford are full of quiet poetic grace and household tranquility. There is an ease and an elegance about them, too, which indicate a mind familiar with the best models of composition; and, indeed, we are told in the dedication, that these verses obtained the praise of one well qualified to give an opinion—the late Thomas Hope. The following is a sweet picture, and a true one:

Poor child of Royalty—Thy fate I mourn,  
If from this friend and loved protectress borne.  
Yon infant, on the harvest sheaf at rest,  
Watched by the faithful dog, is far more blest;  
For his poor mother's tender thought may shield  
A glance protecting o'er his russet bed,  
While, soothed by Nature's breath, he lies at ease,  
Sheltered from harm, and nurtured by the breeze.

Here is another, of equal truth and higher beauty:

But, Oh! the sacred silence of that scene,  
Where infant beauty sleeps, with brow serene!  
How light on him the curtain shadows fall;  
The slanting sunbeams gild the distant wall,  
And with the shade that midnight hours bestow,  
Blend all the luxury of daylight's glow,  
So soft!—so beautiful!—so still!—so fair!

Bright cherub bands seem hovering in the air,  
And o'er that cradle bower thine charms dispense,  
To guard the slumbering hours of innocence,  
Beside that lulling cot, with watchful eye,  
The mother bends in silent ecstasy,  
While castled visions fill the pensive mind,  
Where hope, enchanted, revels unconfined.  
Oh! wake him not!—nor dissipate that dream  
That pours effulgence on life's slender stream.  
Oh! tell her not!—that, mingling in the strife,  
The cold perplexities and toils of life,  
His gentle breast, whose softly slumbering sigh  
Breathes, like the evening zephyr's lullaby,  
Conflicting passion's angry rush shall know—  
Care's withering blight, and Anger's fevered throes;  
That he shall droop, and she no longer aid.  
Oh! tell her not, sweet hope! in smiles arrayed  
Spread thy light mantle o'er the distant scene,  
And veil, with loveliest flowers, the space between.  
Weave—weave for her thy fairy web of light,  
Thy warp with every changing colour bright;  
Let the heart's pictures thy fair hands employ,  
And gem the piece with clustering buds of joy.  
Truth shall not dim thy beauteous task, nor shower  
One dark'ning tint on fairy land or bower:  
There, round his rocking bed, thy curtain fling,  
And pillow his soft cheek beneath thy wing.

Those who wish to see tenderer passages, must go to the volume itself, and they will not shut it disappointed.

'*Sacred Lyrics*,' by Alfred Bartholomew, Architect.—This, says the author, is an attempt to render the Psalms of David more applicable to parochial psalmody; and no doubt the new version is, in many places, smoother than the old—more liquid and elegant. But there is, with all its rudeness, a simplicity and graphic truth about the old version, which will enable it to triumph with the public over this, and, perhaps, other attempts.

'*Ricordanza, or, Friendship's Memento*,' Friendship has relied on the verses of Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and some more of our fair writers, for keeping its name alive. "Read this favourite poem," says the collector, "for my sake, when I am gone, and then, though seas and mountains may separate us, you can still fancy you hear me speaking to you." An ingenious contrivance, and useful, we dare say, to the parties—we hope they have obtained leave of Miss Landon and Mrs. Hemans to maintain this correspondence at their expense.

'*Flowers of Fable; embellished with one hundred and fifty engravings on wood*.'—This is both a cheap and neat volume. The Fables are from the best authors, and the illustrations are cleverly drawn, and clearly impressed on the page; beauties which we sometimes miss in more expensive books.

'*A new description of the Earth, considered chiefly as a residence for Man*,' by Jeffreys Taylor. All children of small or large growth who desire to know the shape and size of the earth; the way it is suspended in the air, with its motions and seasons, surfaces and soils, metals and minerals, fruits and flowers, may consult this little volume, and master the whole mystery in an hour or two.

'*A Numismatic Manual*,' by John G. Akerman, has been published by Effingham Wilson; it is a very useful manual to those whose time and means forbid their studying the large and expensive volumes that have been published on the subject of ancient coins. Nor is it without pretensions to the notice of more favoured individuals: it contains much condensed information of great value to all collectors of medals and coins, with rules for ascertaining their value, with as much certainty as the undeterminate elements on which such an estimate must be founded, will admit.

'*The Elements of Mechanics*,' by J. R. Young, is a very good epitome of that important science. It is too technical, we are afraid, ever to become popular; and it certainly is not a book for the learned. The vast array of formulæ that appear in its pages will frighten ordinary readers; and we do not think that there is anything new

in the matter, or anything particularly luminous or striking in the arrangement. Still, those who are properly prepared for entering on the study of the theory of mechanics, will find it a very useful text book; and to schools of the superior class it cannot fail to be serviceable.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### ON THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

THERE is an admirable paper in the OBSERVER, in which is drawn a parallel between the Great Father of our stage, and that of the Greeks. After observing, that it is hardly fair to bring a mangled poet in comparison with one that is entire, Cumberland admits, that the "versification of the former, with the intermixture of lyrical composition, is more various than that of Shakspeare. Both (he adds,) are lofty and sublime in the extreme, abundantly metaphorical, and sometimes extravagant. Both are subject to be hurried on by uncontrollable impulse; nor could nature alone suffice for either. Æschylus had an apt creation of imaginary beings at command,

He could call spirits from the vasty deep; and they would come. Shakspeare having no such creation in resource, boldly made one of his own. If Æschylus, therefore, was invincible, he owed it to his armour, and that, like the armour of Æneas, was the work of the Gods; but the unassisted invention of Shakspeare seized all, and more than superstition supplied to Æschylus." It is only of late years, that the world has been inclined to do justice to Æschylus. Whether owing to the peculiarity and difficulty of his style and language, or the faultiness of the text, certain it is, that it has been the fashion to decry this great author. The French critics (who have found echoes in Dryden and Pope) have one and all placed him on the shelf, and given the palm to Euripides, who is to Æschylus, what Beaumont and Fletcher were to Shakspeare. Rapin accuses Æschylus of a confusion in his metaphors, and of substituting pompous words for ideas. Salmassius calls the Agamemnon more obscure than the Hebrew writings. Dr. Johnson, in all his critical works, scarcely makes an allusion to Æschylus; nor does he enumerate these plays among the classical works read to Milton, nor seem to be aware how much our immortal bard profited by Æschylus. Thus, even in England, the Prometheus is the only play that till of late years has exercised the ingenuity of commentators and editors; and Potter, who has blindly followed his blind guide Pauw, is the only writer who has deigned to translate him. Little judgment is to be formed of the merits of Æschylus from his version, and there never was a more complete failure than his Agamemnon. It would be a curious contemplation, to compare the two first plays of Agamemnonian story, or the Orestiad, as the Germans call the Trilogy, with Macbeth and Hamlet. But our business is only with the Agamemnon. Here we are naturally led to observe the striking similarity in the characters of Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra.

In every way the comparison is in favour of the latter. Clytemnestra was actuated by the sense of bitterest wrongs. The sacrifice of the "dearest, youngest of her daughters to disenchant the Thracian winds," and the

presence of her rival in the person of Cassandra,

Who in the very ship in which he sailed,  
Presced the same deck with Agamemnon—  
were powerful stimulants to her revenge.

Lady Macbeth excites in us unmingled horror. Ambition is the sole plea for her atrocities: hers may be well termed an *αὐτοβόλον* *κίεπ*—and the assassination of her sovereign, and that under her own roof, a double breach of hospitality and allegiance, would not have been tolerated on the Greek stage. She had, besides, no supernatural agency to excite her to the deed, for Macbeth's interview with the witches, communicated to her, forms no part of her motives—she defies auguries, and places no trust

In the false phantoms of the torpid sense! whereas Clytemnestra fully believed in the predictions of Calchas, and was made an instrument of her paramour's hereditary hate. It is remarkable that Macbeth, though he owed his crimes to the instigation of his wife, never upbraids her; in like manner, Clytemnestra lays no part of her guilt on Ægisthus—she is willing to take upon herself all the responsibility. The Chorus themselves do not acquit Agamemnon of the immolation of Iphigenia, nor disguise the crimes of the royal house of Atreus, that called down on his descendants blood for blood by the retributive justice of the Gods. The Chorus reproaches, too, the mean-spirited and dastardly bravo Ægisthus, not for the murder of Agamemnon, but that, not daring to do the deed himself, he had intrusted its execution to a woman.

What character is there in this tragedy that is not finely drawn? Agamemnon displays all those virtues that distinguish him in the pages of Homer. Moderation in victory, humility of mind, a hatred of adulation, a deep sense of religion, and thankfulness to the Gods, to whom he attributes his triumph over his enemies; in short, the perfect hero, legislator, and judge, shine conspicuous in this *αὐτάρκην*. Clytemnestra is a *chef-d'œuvre* of dramatic excellence. In her first scene with the Chorus, she dwells with a cold and analytical complacency, divested of all the feelings of her sex, on the horrors of the captured city; in that with the herald, makes use of language most fitted to stifle all suspicion of that dark plot which she had for years been wrestling with herself in thought to commit; and in her "many words and tender greetings" to Agamemnon, exhibits a most consummate art and hypocrisy:—

Thou art to me the watch-dog of the fold—  
The cable that preserves a ship from wreck—  
The firm-set pillar of a noble house—  
An only son—a father's all on earth—  
Land to the weather-beaten mariner,  
Appearing when all hope of land is gone—  
A day that dawns serenely beautiful,  
After a night of tempest and of horror—  
A clear rill to the thirsty traveller's lip.  
Thou too hast made  
A summer of our winter by thy coming,  
And brought the vintage ere its time. Great Jove  
Rebends for us the wine in the crude grapes—  
The very air is dolent of joy:  
Our lord is here—his presence gives it balm.

In the scene between herself and Cassandra, when she comes out of the palace a second time with an impatient thirst for the blood of her victim, she shows her real tygress nature; and her insolent and taunting language to the captive princess, prepares the mind for the fatal consummation which the prophetess too well foresees. Clytem-



nestra (all reason for disguise being removed) now keeps up her real character to the end—

She is filled from the crown to the toe topful  
Of direst cruelty.

She exhibits no compunctious visitings of conscience, but the rather unmingled exultation, as she stands over the body of her husband, and, like a Fury,

Thunders out her hymns of victory!

But the crowning scene of the whole tragedy is that between Cassandra and the Chorus, or rather the Chorus, and, in all dramatic writing, whether we consider the *το φοβερον*, or the *το δεινον*, is without a parallel. We almost hear the horrid chaunt of the Furies, "drunk with blood that makes them bold, who sit about the house and hold high banquet!"

Who make the theme of their infernal songs  
The crime that let the Elder Fury in,  
Ate:—And now they howl in chorus, each  
Taking her part in the foul dirge of death;  
Its burthen incest and adultery,  
A bed alike disastrous to two brothers.

We picture to ourselves the miserable children of Thyestes appearing in their ghastly spectral forms on the battlements of the palace. We behold, in more than ideal horrors, the visions of the murdered Agamemnon:—

There—I see

In vengeance of this foul unnatural feast,  
A tame and dastard tigress crouching round  
The new-made lair, and laying wait to spring  
Upon her lord—*mine*—said I, mine! Alas!  
I need must bear the chain of slavery;  
And he the leader of a thousand ships,  
The exterminator of Troy, perceived he not  
With what a tongue of witching flatteries  
And bonied words yon detestable whelp,  
Like some insidious fury, glozed that dark,  
That devilish plot?—And dared she! Could she dare?  
A woman kill a male!—a wife her husband!

But how affecting is Cassandra's funeral incantation of her own fate—the remembrance of her early days:

O thou my native stream,  
Upon thy banks, Scamander, I was born,  
And grew in misery. Now must I exchange  
Your living waters for the sluggish pools  
Of Acheron and Cocytus, wandering round  
And round, and singing my prophetic strains  
Upon your gloomy shores.

What can be more moving than her contrasting herself with the nightingale—

Ah, the shrill bird! O fortunate nightingale,  
The gods have blent you with a winged form,  
And a sweet life devoid of cares and sorrows;  
But I—an axe hangs by a single thread  
Suspended o'er my neck about to fall.

Her parting with the Chorus—her farewell to the Sun, which reminds us of Anthony's

O Sun! thy uprise I shall see no more;—  
and her admirable moral reflections on the nothingness of all human things—

O world! O Life!

Whose brightest hours a shadow can destroy,  
And where all trace of human woe is lost,  
Like figures that a wetted sponge effaces,  
Of adverse fortune, or a prosperous lot,  
Sad as mine is, the last I pity most.

close a scene that we may read again and again, and as we read wonder how it was produced.

In lyrical composition, nothing that has come down to us from the Greeks can be matched with the choruses of this play. The opening one is eminently sublime. The comparison of the Atreidae to Vultures, may vie in its satisfying justness with any the most celebrated simile of Homer's:—

Of war

Loud clanging from their inmost souls, the sound,  
Like vultures when they soar on wings of night,  
With rapid-rowing pinions, round and round  
Their rifled nests and desolate habitations,  
Wild screaming for their lost unfledged delight.

The picture of old age is of singular beauty:—

But we who stay at home—heavy with years,  
Who to the earth inglorious bend,  
Our best support is a stout staff, to lean  
On which our own frame,  
Weak as some child's, for in the tender breast,  
As in the old, the sap's the same,  
No martial spirit flows:  
For poor, weak, miserable man,  
When on his vital trunk grow sore  
The leaves, is little better here  
Than a feeble infant; and he goes  
Crawling, tottering, underneath his load,  
Upon three feet along a weary road,  
And ruminates about, and seems  
As spectral, marrowless and wan,  
As ghosts in day-appearing dreams.

The sacrifice of Iphigenia, that has been faintly imitated by Lucretius, and Camoens in the *Lusiad*, is too well known to require citation. But the stanzas in which the Chorus, with a prophetic spirit, forbode the coming catastrophe, surpass any in the play, and with these we shall conclude.

STROPHE.

Why does some unknown force, presaging ill,  
Govern my thoughts against their will,  
And forms of darkness flit before my eyes?  
Why from my lips do words and accents flow  
Of unpremeditated woe,  
And visions worse than those in dreams arise,  
That leave in their illusions no retreat,  
And hurl my reason from her seat?  
Well might my soul have bowed to their dread power,  
When Troy stood leaguered round, our fleet  
At anchor lying on her sandy shore.

ANTISTROPHE.

I too have seen return our mighty king,  
And yet, like you, am forced to sing,  
Accompanied by no lyre or notes of joy,  
A strain some Fury thunders in my ears,  
And find no hope to still my fears  
In apparitions that day's beams destroy:  
No passing illusory sound that strain—  
No false imaginary pain  
In dizzying vortex whirls my tortured heart,  
Oh! take this weight from off my brain!  
And ease these agonies—at least in part.

STROPHE.

Our joys are kin to griefs—in time shall cease  
The term of soundest health—Disease  
Dwells in our house, and opens to death a door.  
Oft amid favouring gales and summer skies  
Destruction's breakers madly rise,  
And wreck our hopes upon the rocky shore,  
And he who would his crew and vessel save,  
Nor see his all go down into the grave,  
Must cast at once his cargo o'er the board;  
For when comes famine with its evil train,  
Kind Jove may send a tenfold crop of grain,  
From his o'erflowing hand a rich abundance found.

ANTISTROPHE.

But who by Incantation's magic art  
Can make reflow into the heart  
The blood once scattered in the dust?—no more  
Shall mortal, with mortality at strife,  
Return to earth, and bring the dead to life:  
He fell by Jove's just bolt, who thus usurped his power,  
Nor would I counteract the laws of heaven.  
My heart would chain my tongue, e'en were it given  
To drag the secrets of the Fates to day:—  
My spirit, alas! can but in secret groan,  
It droops! it faints! abandoned and alone,  
And like a dying taper fades in night away.

[The quotations here given are from Mr. Medwin's translation, just published, of which we shall hereafter offer a critical opinion.]

#### LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It minds me of my boyhood! He had then  
A smile for me, which, while it saw me child,  
Acknowledged me companion. As you'd lift  
An urchin, whom you saw on tiptoe strain  
To catch a glimpse of some rare sight, alone  
Within the range of manly vision;—so  
Raised he my urchin mind—made up to it  
For lack of stature, and enabled it  
To tow the shows and pageants of the Muse,  
Smit with the love of her, ere yet I knew  
Her quality or name.

#### THE SOUGHT, FOUND, AND LOST!

BY EMILY.

Why should not unmarried men be distinguished from the less interesting portion of their sex, by some designation equivalent to that usual among us? Why are they always Mr., while we change from Miss to Mrs.? Many distressing mistakes would be obviated if this were arranged—much useless expenditure of time and money saved. All mothers of daughters are aware of the awkwardness to which they are at present liable, from finding themselves occasionally necessitated, either to remain in ignorance whether a new male acquaintance be married or not, or else expose themselves to a supposition of all others the most to be avoided—namely, that of any anxiety whatsoever on the point. I know such embarrassments do not very often occur; and yet there are occasions, when you are left to "follow a trail" so indistinct, that it might baffle the most experienced Indian, or English, husband-hunter.

Some time since, I was travelling through the south of Italy—for my health, as mamma told papa, but, in reality, to run down game which we had started in Switzerland, but which afterwards escaped us. I did not think it a very promising affair, for my own part; but, mamma said she was sure of success, and I knew she had never failed with any of my elder sisters. The man had not been very uncivil to me during an intimacy of some months, and this gave me high spirits; and so, on we scampered over hills and down vallies. Papa sometimes wanted to stop to see the curiosities; but mamma would not hear of it, averring, it was as much as my life was worth, to defer for a day my journey to a warm climate; and I used to cough whenever papa awoke in the carriage, to corroborate mamma's account of the delicate state of my chest.

We flew through Italy; and, were I a sentimental young lady, I should doubtless give a charming account of the glories of nature and of art which we passed on our journey; but, I candidly admit, I could never see any good in a country walk or drive, but that it might afford opportunity for a declaration. I have been well brought up by a sensible mamma, and shall not discredit her lessons. I like the observation of the Frenchman to his pastoral friend, in extasies over a flock of sheep, browsing at a distance—"perhaps out of the whole, there was not one tender." I want to know the real utility of being romantic. I cannot fall in love with the marble Apollo, nor any of his set. I had rather see a living man, with a well-cut coat on his back, and a pair of trousers, the most in fashion, on his limbs. So, I shall only say, we reached Naples. Mr. W. had just left the town, no one could tell us for what destination. We sent scouts abroad, in various directions, and, while awaiting their reports, I had another good opportunity for sonnet-writing—and sonnets I certainly should have indited, had I the slightest notion they could have assisted me in getting married. But I recollected, that even Sappho, in despair of finding a husband, drowned herself—and I thought there might be as many Phaons to be met with as then.

Our scouts returned, without any tidings of our run-away. Mamma declared her intention of striking into the Abruzzi. Papa

expostulated with her upon the danger of venturing into a country overrun with banditti, who might frighten poor Emily to death, in her present delicate state of health; and mamma was suffering him to buzz on without minding him, when a carriage drove up to the door. A gentleman alighted, and mamma clapping her hands, cried out, "Emily!" The gentleman at once recognized her, and the next moment our marked victim was in the room. The hotel was crowded. Mamma offered Mr. W. the use of our room and table. He was delighted, and passed the whole evening with us. I returned his first salutation quite regally. I afterwards sat near papa, gave him my undivided attention, and did my utmost to amuse him—circumstances which, I saw, very much surprised poor papa. "My nonsensical Emily and her papa are great flirts," said mamma, smiling at Mr. W.

"Oh, I protest against such monopoly on the part of Mr. H.," he replied.

Mamma laughed. I wondered how any single man on earth could venture so decided an expression in the presence of such a mother. She would marry a man ten times over on less than that.

Days and weeks passed, and still we all lived together, and still Mr. W. was civil, and no living creature could be more easy, and more free from all apprehension of us. He showed none of that standing-on-guard manners of other single men, who are always on the *qui vive*, like a besieged town in constant fear of a *coup-de-main*. Either he liked me, and met his fate voluntarily, or he was a more simple person than we had taken him for. But now the question was, "Why don't he declare himself?" and a morning did come, when he actually, after looking expressively at us, called papa to take a turn with him!—Judge how delighted mamma and I were: there could be but one subject between him and papa, whom he very naturally considered a dead bore; and how we did congratulate each other on this brilliant achievement!—how we described, for mutual gratification, his two seats in two of the best neighbourhoods in England—and his town-house—and his carriages—and new horses—and liveries! How proud mamma expressed herself of such a daughter! and how I, as in duty bound, gave her the credit of it all, as my instructress first, and afterwards my ally!

"I wonder they don't come back, Emily, my love—why, they have been gone a whole hour and a half!"—as she spoke, papa reappeared—alone. "Well," said mamma, "well; what have you done with Mr. W.—of course you told him how flattered we all felt!"—"Flattered?" rejoined papa, "I don't see anything so very flattering in it, my dear."—"No, my dear! from a man of his consequence? why, you must be raving mad, my dear."—"Well, my dear," answered papa, in a deprecating tone, "I dare say you know best; only on Emily's account I thought—" "What on earth are you talking about, Mr. H.? you are never very easily understood, my dear, but I protest I find you quite incomprehensible at present. Do you or do you not agree that Mr. W. would be a great match for any girl?"—"To be sure I do, my dear."—"Very well, my dear, then surely we are both agreed in thinking his proposal flattering?"—"Of course, my dear, you are

the best judge: only I feared you might not like it, that's all my dear—no harm done."—"You really are enough to drive one frantic, Mr. H.! Will you have the kindness to tell me from the beginning what Mr. W. said to you, this morning?"—"To be sure, my dear; I can have no objection: only don't hurry me so, as I may forget. First, he began by expressing the greatest regard for me and my family: and he said, my dear, that you were a very superior woman, and Emily a charming girl."—"Good beginning, isn't it, Emily, my love?" I nodded. "Well, my dear, go on!"—"Yes, my dear, but I don't recollect where I was."—"That I was a superior woman, my dear."—"Oh, ay; and what next?—yes; that he was very peculiarly situated; that he looked on it as a most fortunate circumstance having met my family; and that, from the great kindness we had shown him, he was induced to ask a favour of me."—"Well, that was putting the thing very handsomely, I must say—what, Emily?" I nodded again. "Now, my dear, do get on a little faster, will you?"—"I am, my dear, getting on as fast as I can. Then he talked a long while about women being hard upon one another. 'But,' says he, 'I'm sure Mrs. H. does not think in that way; indeed, she told me as much, herself;' and then, my dear, he said, you said you could countenance a woman who had been talked of about a man, before being married to him—did you say so, my dear?"—"Tush, to be sure I did, because I know he has the character of being a little dissipated, and if he thought he married into a family that took such things quietly, he would have less hesitation about us."—"Oh, well; I suppose that was what put it into his head, my dear."—"Put what into his head?"—"To ask you, my dear, to visit his wife."—"Visit his wife?"—"His wife, my dear."

Mamma's and my consternation may be imagined. The man after whom we had travelled hundreds of miles, and spent hundreds of pounds in chase of, neglecting, for him, all other chances—that man was married! and to his mistress, too!—We soon bid adieu to scenes fraught with recollections of failure and mortification, and returned to spend a triste winter in the tiresome old mansion in Nottinghamshire. But, although mamma has experienced one check in her hitherto brilliant career, she is too good a general to feel utterly discomfited; and we propose taking the field again, early in spring, to seek, find, and keep, the next time, what we sought, and found, 'tis true, but also—lost, the last time.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE success of Miss Kemble, Mr. Jerrold, and Sheridan Knowles, in dramatic composition, has excited public attention so much, that several of the newspapers, speculating upon other likely aspirants after the honours of the theatre, and

The slope of wet faces from the pit to the roof, have announced that a work of that nature may soon be looked for from Miss Landon. Nay, one of them went so far as to dilate a little on the style and matter of the composition, and concluded by saying, that, with the exception of being somewhat diffuse, the dialogue was vigorous and racy. Miss Lan-

don has yet, we understand, to try her powers in that way; and though we have no doubt that she could write a drama worthy of the stage, she has not made the experiment. All manner of little speculations in literature are afloat: plain periodicals and embellished periodicals are publicly talked about and privately planned;—but nothing great seems in contemplation; indeed, a work of genius has as little chance of success in the present distracted state of the public mind, as that child has of living which is born in a city taken by storm, and given over to be sacked. Those who have brought the land into this sad condition, have really much to answer for, here and hereafter.

Some imagine that they see in the inferiority of the present Royal Academy Exhibition the evil influence of public commotion and strife upon productions of genius and science. There is little doubt that artists are afraid of trying the strength of their wings in any work requiring imagination, because it is painful to bestow fine colours and long meditation upon a work which makes no return either in money or in fame. We are induced to say this, from having accidentally learned that, at the private view of the Exhibition, one of the members of the Committee of Public Taste spoke with much compassion of the sad mistake which Turner had made in painting his noble landscape of 'Italy': it was, he said, a mere matter of imagination, and could not be ranked among works of genius. We know not how such a dunce came to be enrolled amongst men of taste: he ought to know that imagination is as necessary to a work of genius as light is to day, and that without it all is vain and vapid. The 'Italy' of Turner is unquestionably one of the noblest works ever executed; and we pity the man whose soul is so dead to what is lovely and elevated, that he can stand before it unmoved. For such men genius works in vain.

'Il Don Giovanni' is to be given by the German performers, and "in a manner that will surprise the English;" so says Herr Schelard: we have great faith in this gentleman, but we hardly hope to see it better executed than under the management of Ayrton. The German operas are doing well—the fact is, that Bellini, Pacini, Donizetti, Vaccai, cannot stand in competition with Mozart, Weber, or Beethoven; and we are truly rejoiced that the English people have shown a right preference.

Amongst the latest arrivals from the continent, are the four juvenile brothers, Koella, whose precocious musical talents have astonished our continental neighbours. They are natives of Germany, and trained to execute classical quartets with wonderful accuracy: the public will shortly hear them at the King's Theatre.

'Robert le Diable' is said to be getting up with great splendour; and 'La Straniera,' by Bellini, is to be shortly produced.

A daughter of the once-eminent vocalist, Mrs. Salmon, is spoken of as about to make her appearance at one of our national theatres; and we have heard mention of another lady, a native of the sister isle, lately arrived from the continent, who only awaits a favourable opportunity to present herself to the public, and try her fortune as a singer.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 17.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, Vice President, in the chair.—A paper was read in part, entitled, 'On Harriot's Astronomical Observations, contained in his unpublished manuscripts belonging to the Earl of Egremont,' by S. P. Rigaud, M.A., Savilian Professor in the University of Oxford.

Lord Oxnantown, M.P., and Woodbine Parish, Esq. were admitted into the Society.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 14.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—An interesting paper was read on the Quillimane or Zambezi River on the east coast of Africa, communicated by Captain W. F. W. Owen, R.N. The account was drawn up by Captain Owen from the observations of some of his officers, who were employed in his survey of that coast, particularly Mr. Brown, who fell a victim to the climate of those regions. These officers commenced their exploring expedition in the month of July, 1823. In their way up the river they landed the following day at Marangane, about eight miles from the town of Quillimane. This is a mere village, inhabited entirely by slaves, but, owing to the presence of the cocoa nut and orange-tree, it presents a pleasing appearance. Above this village the river is divided by islands about a mile long; and another village is shortly seen, the access to which is only by a path made by hippopotami. These animals were frequently seen in the river, even as low as its mouth, where it is about a mile wide. Above this second village the river becomes much contracted, and islands were found in it, the channel being reduced to about twenty yards in breadth. About thirty-two miles in a W.S.W. direction from Quillimane is a village called Boca de Rio, properly called Maccombosho, the name assumed by its chief, according to the custom in this as in some other parts of Africa. From the banks of the Zambezi the party arrived at the Luabo river, a noble stream that falls into the sea apart from the Zambezi. Although in the dry season the current was so rapid that their canoe could only ascend in the eddies, and they passed sand banks in the river that were twenty feet in height, showing evident proofs, that in the rainy season the water passes over them. A day's journey up this river brought the travellers to a village called Chaponga, the residence of a Portuguese Donna, who treated them with great kindness. The village stands on an inclined plain near the bank of the river, and in one uncultivated spot near it were some huge trees, one of which was 60 feet in circumference. The adjacent woods were the resort of lions, tigers, and elephants, whose presence at times was a source of great annoyance to the natives. The canoes used by these people are large; and one was seen, about fifty feet long, that had been formed of a single tree. From Chaponga the travellers embarked in their canoe for Senina, the place of their destination, after having been detained at the former by the illness of one of their party. In the course of the day of their departure they landed, and met with much hospitality from a mulatto, who had invited them to his residence; here a party of strolling players afforded them much amusement, their exhibitions being principally confined to feats of tumbling. But the chase of a native by a lion was one of their principal representations. The part of the lion was performed by a native dressed in the skin of that animal, with a formidable mask, who went through his part very respectably. The man, being pursued, at length reaches a tree, and, ascending it, conceals himself among its branches. The lion shortly arrives, and makes various awkward attempts to seize him, which all prov-

ing ineffectual, he crouches underneath it, seemingly waiting for his victim. In the meantime, the man calls lustily for help, and his cries bring to his assistance a hunter, who is seen cautiously approaching; and the lion is killed amidst the shouts and exultations of the spectators. The beds of these people excited considerable amusement to the travellers; each crept into a sack, with which they were provided, leaving their heads uncovered, and as they continued their noisy and incessant talk while scattered about, the scene was strange and ridiculous enough. The day before the party arrived at Senina, Mr. Forbes died from the effects of the climate, having been suffering from fever since he first embarked.

In our last report of the meeting of this Society, we alluded to a letter which had been addressed to it, by Dr. Richardson, calling attention to the probable condition of Captain Ross and his little party, and submitting to its consideration, a project to relieve them, if living and to be found. It was worthy of one who had himself undergone the penalty of suffering in those unprofitable regions. It was now announced, that since the above letter, Dr. Richardson had made application to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hay, on the same subject, and had himself offered to conduct a small exploring party. The proposal had been favourably received, but, from the political condition of the country at this moment, it was not likely to be adopted at present. The answer, however, leads us to hope that it will not be long before the generous offer of Dr. Richardson will be accepted; and if any one be specially qualified to conduct such an expedition with good hopes of success, he is the man. We believe it is proposed by Dr. Richardson, to proceed from Hudson's Bay into the interior, in a north-west direction, to Coronation Gulf, where he will commence his search in an easterly direction. Passing to the north, along the eastern side of this gulf, he would soon arrive at Point Turnagain, the eastern point of his own former discovery. It is about this spot, in our own opinion, that he would be most likely to obtain some information from the Esquimaux respecting the *Victory*, the small steam-vessel which Captain Ross commanded, from its position with respect to Prince Regent's Inlet, down which the captain would pass. Having reached this part, Dr. Richardson would continue his route to the eastward, and penetrate as far as Melville Peninsula, adding to geographical discovery in his way; and here again, it is probable, he might hear of Captain Ross from the Esquimaux. By this route, our map of North America would be completed in a part which yet remains blank, and a continued coast would be laid down from the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, to Point Beechey, leaving the small tract between Sir John Franklin's discovery and that of the Blossom, alone unexplored. These, however, are minor considerations, when compared to the principal object of the expedition; and we have only heartily to wish success to the enterprise, convinced that, unless Captain Ross has actually passed through Bhering's Strait, we shall thus only obtain authentic intelligence of him.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 16.—The President, Lord Dover, in the chair.—A further portion of a learned manuscript work, by Sir William Gell, with the reading of which the Society has already been twice occupied, was read by Mr. Hamilton. The part selected, comprised Sir William's historical and antiquarian observations on 'Campagna,' and on the 'Roman Coinage.'—Earl Gower was elected a Member.

Various presents of books were announced, from the Rev. L. Wainwright, the Rev. T. Fuller, and other Members.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 2.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of this Society: Capt. Jones, R.N., M.P., and Thomas Baker, Esq.

A paper was read 'On the Geological Structure of the north-eastern part of the county of Antrim,' by James Bryce, jun., Esq., M.A., Member of the Belfast Natural History Society, &c. and communicated by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., P.G.S.

May 16.—The President in the chair.—James Mitchell, Esq. was elected a Fellow of the Society.

A paper was read by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor in the University of Cambridge, on the Primary Stratified Shistone group of Cumberland.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

May 15.—No papers were read at the meeting this day; the exhibition was, however, as interesting as usual, presenting, among numerous other attractive objects, a fine plant of the *Erythrina crista-galli*, nearly six feet high, and covered with blossoms—a beautiful seedling camellia, from Mr. Wells—*pæonias*, *calceolarias*, *azaleas*, *glycine sinensis*, yellow Banksian rose, tulips from Mr. Groom's collection at Walworth—the remarkable iris *susianus*—the different varieties of *pyrus*, *ribes*, *cytiscus*, &c., most esteemed for their beauty.

Six gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society.

We understand, that the Prize Exhibition of Azaleas and Rhododendrons, is fixed to take place at the meeting on the 5th of June.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Medico-Botanical Society .... Eight, P.M.
	{ Medico-Chirurgical Society ... ½ p. 8, P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers .. Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Society of Arts ..... ½ p. 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.
	{ Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	{ Royal Institution ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.

## FINE ARTS

## EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

[Second Notice.]

71. 'Portrait of His Majesty King William IV.' WILKIE, R.A.—This portrait, like all the pictures by Wilkie of the same class, has been much praised and much censured. For our own parts, we think it as good a likeness of the King as any we have seen, and far superior to all other royal portraits in vigour and clear splendour of colour. It recommended itself to our notice by not looking like a portrait; His Majesty is in his robes of states, with the sword in his right hand; he cannot do better than lay it on the shoulder of the first painter of these our latter days.

77. 'Una seeking shelter in the Cottage of Corecca.' HILTON, R.A.—The description of Spenser is cleverly embodied in this picture, though the figure of Una is less lovely than we could have wished. The colouring is good, and so is the drawing.

86. 'A Scene suggested by an effect seen after heavy Rain in the Ligurian Mountains, near Sarsana.' CALLCOTT, R.A.—A grand and gloomy landscape: the thick clouds are lifted up or slowly departing; the ground looks humid, and where the distant hill mingles with the sky, the rain seems still falling.

93. 'Portrait of Miss Carlisle.' HOWARD.—There is a simplicity in the air of this portrait which we like—a kind of classic and unstudied grace, which is not the less welcome that we seldom see it. We could find fault with some parts of the performance—but let it pass.



98. *'The Baggage Wagon.'* COOPER.—In the middle of a heady fight a baggage-wagon, full of harmless women and wounded men, is making its escape out of the storm of shot. The drivers and guard are attacked, and about to be worsted, when the bravery of a wounded veteran, who starts up "on stump and huckle" in the front of the wagon, and takes deadly aim with his musquet, rids them of the fiercest of their assailants. We speak of this picture as if it were the express image of a real event, because it looks so real and is so full of animation.

106. *'Pets.'* LANDSEER, R.A.—A pet child with her pet fawn—one of the cleverest little snatches of nature in the Exhibition. The simplicity of the two cannot well be described: the fawn has a long blue ribbon round its neck, with the end of which a mischievous kitten is amusing itself, while a little girl is presenting a plate of pudding to her favourite, evidently in some fear and trepidation, if we may judge by the way she holds the plate, and the trembling bend of her knees. But who can describe her face, at once trusting and timid—anxious and yet fearful?

112. *'Skittle Players.'* COLLINS, R.A.—This is natural enough: but we do not consider it as one of Collins's cleverest works; but what can we expect from a game at skittles!

115. *'Indulgence.'* KIDD.—We really think the Committee have been unjust to the merits of Kidd in hanging this remarkably clever picture so close to the floor: we had nearly overlooked it, and lost a treat we shall not soon forget. It is a very little picture, but contains much. A gentleman, who from his person might represent a city, is sitting asleep in his chair, with a lunch before him, to which the state of plate and glass show he had paid some attention. A black man-servant, a joyous Padlock Mungo sort of fellow, has helped himself slyly to a glass of the wine, and is drinking it off with a kind of half humorous and half fearful delight; while a white female fellow-labourer holds up her warning finger, as much perhaps for the sake of having a sip herself as from a desire to admonish. We never saw such a face of enjoyment as Mungo's—the very whites of his eyes seem moist with wine.

121. *'A Family Picture,'* containing the portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, the Earl and Countess Wilton, Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave, the Ladies Grosvenor and Lady Mary Egerton;—LES- LIE, R.A.—We will venture to give our American artist some reasonably good advice. Seek fourteen tinkers at their cups—fourteen Irishmen going to a fair—fourteen paupers desiring relief from the parish—fourteen Scotsmen crossing the border—fourteen Englishmen discussing Meux and Reform—fourteen persons debating the matter of tithe—and paint them, and make money and fame; but, as you wish for either, never paint a family picture of people of mark and condition again. We have heard of a nobleman who claimed for his family that kind of far-descended glory both in beauty and blood, which the Arabs claim for their horses; we know not that the Marquis of Westminster carries his notions of caste so far; but of this we are certain, that an unwonted awe has oppressed the pencil of the artist in this domestic picture, and that his colouring is heavy—his diversity of character little—and his postures generally made up and affected.

122. *'Portrait of Eyre Coote, Esq., M.P.'* SHEE.—Nature has maintained her own dignity in this painting; it is one of the best which the pencil of the President has furnished.

126. *'Portrait of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn.'* PICKERSGILL, R.A.—The colouring is good, and the expression characteristic.

127. *'The Retreat.'* COOPER, R.A.—A fine

hurley-burley scene, full of animation and of the vicissitudes of war. A baggage-wagon is hurried on in full flight with its load of wounded and quota of plunder: some seek to stay it at the risk of blows, while others carry on the sterner labours of the general mêlée. The horses seem roused with the trumpet, and kindled up with the din of the artillery.

128. *'Portrait of Lady Mary Fox.'* NEWTON, R.A.—A small-sized portrait, but all nature and elegance.

133. *'The Forgotten Word.'* MULREADY.—All who have been at school will understand this: a little girl with a child laid over her knees is hearing her brother say his lesson: he is fairly aground for a word, and stands pondering and puzzling, while she seems resolved to let him exercise his ingenuity. The beauty of the thing is, that the painter tells his story by mental rather than by muscular means.

134. *'The Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, 10th June, 1559.'* WILKIE, R.A.—This is by far the noblest picture in the Exhibition, either for colour, composition, or variety of character. The stern Apostle of Presbyterianism, on his return from Geneva, walked at once into a Roman Catholic Church, and, taking possession of the pulpit, preached a sermon against the ancient religion, which kindled all Scotland like fire set to heather. The noblest, and the bravest, and the loveliest of the land ranked themselves on either side; armies were raised and drawn up in array against each other, the church excommunicated, and the chief nobles threatened; but nothing could either daunt or intimidate him. The painter has represented Knox in the act of preaching one of his stern and intrepid sermons, with the leaders of the Reformation—Murray, Morton, and Glencairn, and the heads of the Catholic Church, Hamilton, Beaton, and Kennedy, among the audience: the body of the church is thronged with Protestants: apart from the crowd stand the Roman prelates, with armed men in their company: the gallery is filled with the most distinguished scholars of Scotland: a mother has brought her child to be baptized, and awaits the conclusion of the sermon, while in the centre sits the beautiful Countess of Argyll, half-sister to the lovely Queen Mary, forming what the artists call the chief light of the picture—in truth, she is a sort of sun, and lightens up the whole scene. The preacher himself, a bold, earnest, eloquent man, has all the vehemence of action which history ascribes to him: he has burst open unwittingly the pulpit door—he has his hands stretched towards the Roman prelates, as if he desired to clutch them, and he seems about to descend upon them like a flying dragon. When we have done our best to lay, by words, this fine picture before our readers, we feel we fall far short of Wilkie; let us add, that in lucid depth of colouring this far surpasses the artist's earlier pictures. It is painted for Sir Robert Peel, one of the chief patrons of art in these dolorous days.

139. *'Mr. Peregrine Touchwood breaking in upon the Rev. Josiah Cargill.'*—*'St. Ronan's Well.'* MULREADY, R.A.—The studious and abstracted Josiah, and the good-humoured, self-sufficient, Touchwood, are capitally represented in this picture; the prim, more than upright, and grotesquely consequential nabob, is all before us; and those who are slow in raising up a figure from words, will save themselves trouble by consulting Mulready before they take up Scott.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THAT royal association, of which all others are but offshoots, has now opened its doors, and claims a little of the time and space which we would otherwise have bestowed upon minor Exhibitions.

We look on the Royal Academy, as a matron, and the societies which have risen around, her daughters, some of whom rival her beauty in her brightest days. In truth, these Exhibitions are—not to speak profanely—so many chapels of ease to accommodate the growing population, and may be considered only as supplemental exhibitions, to that long established one on which the monarch must, by its charter, condescend to smile. We shall now proceed to notice a few of the most striking compositions in the collection.

142. *'An Ancient City—Storm clearing off.'* BARRET.—Subjects such as this are present perhaps too frequently to the fancy of painters. The scene is well conceived, and well drawn; but we are weary of shattered temples and lowering clouds, and landscapes which tell us that the Grecians or the Romans once ruled and reigned on earth.

143. *'Cottage Scene in the Grove, Droxford, Hants.'* EVANS.—Very natural and life-like—cottage scenes are dear to our fancy—not from belief alone, in their worth and beauty, but from having long enjoyed them.

152. *'Castle Rising.'* P. DE WINT.—One of the most natural landscapes in the room: Houses are seen in the distance; reapers are busy in the fields; sportsmen are searching with pointers through the stubble, while the staid and mellow light of autumn is shed largely over all.

153. *'Gipsies.'* AUSTIN.—We looked long at this clever picture. A gipsy woman, some two and twenty years old, or so—handsome in form, free in gait, with a tawny face, and great dark flashing eyes, is walking barefoot over a wild heath, beside an ass with a very engaging burthen; namely, two children in one pannier, balancing horn-spoons, old kettles, and perhaps a goose or two, in the other.

164. *'View in Cowes Harbour, Isle of Wight.'* CROPLEY FIELDING.—This exhibition is strong in landscape. In the management of sea or shore—hill or lake—or wherever land and water mingle, Fielding excels, and in the present picture, though all may be said to be real, the atmosphere of peculiar beauty, with which it is covered, is the artist's own. The sky is darkening down in storm in one part, and brightening, yet still threatening in another—fires, soon to be extinguished in rain, are burning on the beach, and from a foaming and turbulent sea, fishermen are hastening ashore from their rocking boats.

161. *'Ponte del Sospiri, Venice.'* S. PROUT.—Another of these real and beautiful scenes, which Prout has such sagacity in finding, and skill in drawing; the water is clear and still below, and the houses elegant and picturesque above.

170. *'Hot Bread and Milk.'* HUNT.—When we came to this very natural and lively thing, we remembered that we had seen other pictures by the same hand, which pleased us not a little; we therefore turned back to 156, *'The Lump of Pudding,'* and could not help marvelling how we had taken no note of it. A boy holds the last piece of a plum-pudding upright on his fork, looking wistfully at it; and it is impossible to decide, whether it will go to his mouth or not; his looks say plainly, "If I swallow you, I know not what will happen—but if I leave you, I'll never see you again." As he is taking time to consider, he will of course eat it. The *'Hot Bread and Milk,'* a savoury and tantalizing dish, is of great merit.

174. *'Wynnstay.'* P. DE WINT.—A scene rich in wood and hill, with little water, and a house far from being picturesque, though it is the residence of one of the most ancient and worthy families in Wales.

179. *'Castle, Scene on the Banks of Lochlomon.'* ROBSON and HILLS.—What Beaumont and Fletcher were in the drama, Robson and Hills are in landscape: Robson deals with inanimate nature, and to his pencil in this picture, we owe

the wide lake, the clear sky, the distant hill, and above all, the lonely wooded isle in the middle of the water, fit for the residence of spiritual beings; while to Hills, we are indebted for the rooks, who spread their sooty wings against the sky—for the nimble skiffs, sporting like swans, and for the fine cattle, which have rushed into a shaded part of the lake, to be out of the influence of a burning sun.

178. '*At Wurtzburgh*;' S. PROUT.—As literal and picturesque as Prout generally is—"whose accuracy all men dare swear for."

191. '*Loch Maree—Ross-shire*;' ROBSON.—A wild, lonely, lake, surrounded by hills as wild, whose pinnacles seem to pierce the sky above: with wild goats reposing in groups on the ground, and the sun spilling liquid lustre on all.

192. '*Highland Hospitality*;' LEWIS.—Interior of a north-country cottage containing a Highlander and his family entertaining two lowland wanderers, who seem to be wearied or to have lost their way: the whole is close to nature, and cannot miss to find admirers, though some may think the hospitality small: one of the strangers is lighting his cigar with a coal held by the tongs; the other, if we looked right, is tipping.

201. '*Landscape on the Severn*;' AUSTIN.—In the handling of this picture there is no little resemblance to Constable: the effect on the whole is pleasing; the waggon entering the river, and the life with which the banks are peopled, form a pretty landscape.

202. '*Norwich*;' P. DE WINT.—So this is Norwich! An old ruinous tower—cattle grazing around—a man fishing for trout, and houses in the distance, cannot well be called Norwich, any more than a single brick can be called a house. The composition, nevertheless, has its beauties.

215. ROBSON.—  
"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers rear  
Are precipices sharp and sheer,  
Yielding no track for goat or deer,  
Save the black shelves we tread;  
How term you its dark waves? and how  
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,  
And yonder peak of dread  
That to the evening sky uplifts  
The grisly gulfs and slaty rifts?"

This splendid moonlight scene represents Lake Coriskin and the Coolin Hills in the Highlands, as seen by Robert Bruce and his brother Edward during their wanderings before the battle of Bannockburn. Had not the name of Robson been to this picture in the Catalogue, we would have ascribed it to Copley Fielding, whose poetic pencil delights in giving form and hue to the splendid visions of verse. The solemn effect of the scene is increased by the earnest gaze of the two intrepid brothers: we have seldom seen a work so impressive as this.

224. MISS LOUISA SHARPE.—"Brunetta was now prepared for the result, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away."—From this passage in the *Spectator* Miss Sharpe has formed a very fine picture: the grouping is admirable—the drawing good—the proportions just—and the colouring clear.

257. '*Interior of the Abbey of St. Ouen*,'—showing the Tobe which formerly stood at the entrance of the choir: the figures represent the obsequies of the Cardinal de Amboise in 1510; MACKENZIE.—The splendid Gothic architecture of this fine abbey is drawn by the hand of one who feels its beauty of combination and the richness of its light and shade.

277. '*A Rocky Coast after a Storm*;' COX.—The agitated sea, and the coarse, bold, rocks, against which the waves had lately been lashed,

are well delineated. There is much originality of handling in this wild landscape.

We have given a very imperfect account, we fear, of this interesting Exhibition, and must bid it farewell, leaving many clever works unnoticed. The Society, we believe, is in a prosperous state: under the management of men of genius and enthusiasm, it could not well be otherwise. We think, however, that the number of pictures which each member is permitted to send, should be limited: a few eminent artists, by the force of fine works and overwhelming numbers, carry all the admiration away from humbler aspirants. For instance, out of the 415 pictures which compose the present collection, 39 are by Copley Fielding, 39 by Robson, 35 by Cox, 23 by Prout, 14 by De Wint, and 16 by Barret. What can stand against such force on the part of the Society? The Royal Academy allowed at first, and indeed till within these thirty years or so, an unlimited number of works to be exhibited by each Academician; the number was at last limited to eight: the Society of Water Colours must soon do the same, if they desire to be just and to avoid the stigma of monopoly.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### *Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works.*

SEVEN of these illustrations are now lying before us, 1, '*Bellagio, Lago di Como*,' 2, '*Geneva*,' 3, '*Chamouni*,' 4, '*Spoleto*,' 5, '*A Street in Athens*,' 6, '*Marathon*,' and 7, '*Miss Chaworth, aged 17*.' Of these, the one most to our liking, is the lady: she looks lovely and modest, and we wonder not that the poet was moved as he gazed on her: but her taste in love matters was not at all poetic; she set her heart on more material things, and married a gentleman who could halloo to a hound, leap a five-bar gate, and bring down a pheasant flying—a more suitable match than the "lame boy," as she contemptuously called Byron. All the landscapes are good, but that of Geneva is the best.

##### *A Series of Views on the Loire. By Louis Parey.*

THIS is the first number of a new work by M. Parey, member of the Society of Antiquaries in Normandy; the views are in folio, and admit a pleasing extent of scene, while the topographical accompaniments and historical notices, add the charms of literature to the attractions of art. There are four views in the present number; viz. 1, '*The Castle of Chateaudun*,' 2, '*Chateau d'Angers*,' 3, '*Chambord*,' 4, '*Chateau de Blois*.' Of these, '*Chambord*' is truly splendid.

##### *Designs for Lodges and Park Entrances. By P. F. Robinson, Architect.*

THESE are certainly very pretty picturesque things, and such as one would expect to find in the vicinity of some singular mansion of the times of the Tudors: they are, however, hardly suitable for a modern building, inasmuch as they wear the stamp and character of remote days. We are told, that one has been erected in Wales, and another in Scotland; and, in the engravings, they are exhibited overgrown with woodbine and other creeping plants. They are, perhaps, more picturesque than commodious.

##### *Wivell's Portraits.*

NINE of these portraits are now lying before us, and some of them exhibit both force of character and skill in the handling. They are principally actors or musicians: we have '*Miss Shirreff*,' '*Cramer*,' '*Neukomm*,' '*Moscheles*,' '*Parry*,' '*Welsh*,' '*Gibson*,' '*Wallack*,' and '*James Northcote*.' The latter, we look upon as very clever, and we know it is vastly like—it is the best of Mr. Wivell's productions.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday was produced Pacini's opera seria, '*Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*,' for the débuts of Mariani and Grisi. Of the music, little can be said in commendation: Pacini, though possessing much original genius for melody, cannot command the meanest resources of science in concerted pieces; even in a simple aria, his instrumentation is often vulgar and inappropriate. In the finale to the first act of this opera, there are direct plagiarisms from '*Semiramide*.' As it was represented, much of the original music was altogether omitted: a scena from '*Zelmira*,' and a new aria by Costa, were introduced; but we question whether the opera given entire, would have been more successful.

Mariani has a contralto voice, pretty equal in tone and sweetness—her execution of the scale from *c* below the lines to *c* above, is exquisitely perfect and finished; her *sostenuto*, in pathetic music, is also admirable; but, judging from the apathy of the audience, this excellence was not duly appreciated. In her general style, there is less intensity of feeling and vigour than in that of Pizaroni; and the lower notes of her voice are unpleasant, when forced. In better music, she will, we think, have more success; the English are slow to feel, but will yet acknowledge the merit of this singer.

Grisi, as we anticipated, cannot maintain her ground here in leading parts, with a mezzo-soprano voice, whose upper notes are hard and inexpressive. As an addition to the present company, she cannot be profitable to the manager, since he has already vocalists with voices more agreeable in the compass necessarily required for soprano parts. In a duet with Mariani, the voices blended effectively together; but, in the last scena, which we remember to have heard introduced in '*Il Pirato*,' by Lalande, Mad. Grisi was far from successful: this lady's lower notes, however, are rich and sonorous, and she executes with admiral precision the descending chromatic scale.

Winter's singing was, as usual, vigorous and energetic—perhaps too vociferous. Of the general execution of this long-deferred opera, we regret to say, the imperfect performance of the concerted music, the blunders in the accompaniments, the hurrying of the finales, the utter disregard of *chiossuro*, were woefully conspicuous, to a person who had witnessed the previous night's performance of '*Der Freischütz*.' There is one radical defect in the management of the musical department, to which we have often alluded, and which, if not remedied, will cause Mr. Mason bitter regret. We would ask him as a friend, how it is, that the most difficult opera of the German school was better executed than the skeleton production of a Pacini? Let either Herr Schelard, or Meyerbeer, give the answer, and let Mr. Mason profit by it.

The Germans' performance of Weber's opera has thrice filled the theatre with genuine lovers of real dramatic music.

At Curioni's benefit, on Thursday, the first act of '*Gli Arabi*,' the second of '*Der Freischütz*,' and part of '*La Donna del Lago*,' were performed. The cast of the latter, with Cinti, Rosa Mariani, Donzelli, Mariani, and Curioni, comprises the whole strength of Mr. Mason's present company. A "*pas de huit*" with Brugnoli, Samengo, and six others, to the overture of '*Semiramide*,' exhibited a delightful series of classical and picturesque groups; and this excellent entertainment was given to empty stalls and boxes: but the fact may furnish an answer to the question—what claim has Signor Curioni to call on the public for a benefit?

The first act of '*Gli Arabi*' and '*La Donna*

del Lago' we see are announced for this evening: the aria which Cinti introduces in the latter, was composed by Meyerbeer for Madame Pasta.

#### NINTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—Archbishop of York.

THE chief novelty in this, the most entertaining performance of the season, consisted in the overture and two first pieces in Haydn's Seasons, and the invaluable acquisition of Mad. Cinti, to the corps vocal. In the aria, 'Per Pietà,' and 'Voi che sapete,' her taste and feeling did ample justice to the music of Mozart; a fair test of the highest vocal powers.

#### SIXTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A glance at the programme convinced us that this would prove the best Concert of the season. The andante in the seventh Sinfonia of Beethoven is a splendid achievement in musical science. We have heard it both abroad and at home, but never without its being enthusiastically encored. A composition more full of variety in counterpoint, of exquisite harmony, tender melody, and beautiful instrumentation, we could not name.

A MS. composition by Mendelssohn, entitled 'Overture to the Isles of Fingal,' was performed for the first time in this country. The burthen of the composition strongly reminded us of Beethoven. Towards the end it was well worked with figurative passages for violins, the subject being sustained by the wind instruments—but as descriptive music, it was decidedly a failure.

A Madlle. Blahetka played a Concerto of her own composition. This young lady comes from Vienna, and will add another to the distinguished pianists in this country. Perhaps the finest performance of the evening, was a quintetto of Onslow's, by Bohrer, Watts, Moralt, Lindley, and Dragonetti.

Among the vocal performances, there was nothing new. Cinti was eminently successful—Phillips sang 'Qui sdegnò' better than we ever heard him, and descended to the low E with a full tone—and Donzelli was magnificent.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

A young lady, of the name of Hyland, has lately made her *début* at this house. Her first character was *Rosetta*—her second *Polly*; and in this we saw her on Tuesday night, on which occasion she played it for the second time. It seems that Miss Hyland has made the bold experiment of an appearance on the London boards, without previous practice in any of those quarters where more allowance for inexperience is always made. For one who, like Miss Hyland, possesses the natural requisites, we are not prepared to assert that this course may not be the best as regards ultimate fame, but, as no talent can do itself justice on the stage without considerable practical experience, there can be no doubt that the perils and dangers of the outset are considerably increased by it. Miss Hyland has a commanding figure, and a handsome face, and there is a general intelligence about her, from which we are inclined to augur well. In acting, her manner is constrained, and her action fidgety; but this signifies nothing. We are constantly in the habit of seeing mere practice do all in a short time that is wanted in these particulars, for persons who cannot boast more than half the mind which we suspect belongs to the *débutante* in question. Of her voice and style, we are happy to report well, and without even temporary detraction. The voice is one of the most pleasing we have heard for a long time: considerable in extent, pure in quality, and round in tone, it comes, unac-

companied by contortion or grimace, straight from the chest. In point of feeling, we may say that it comes from that part of the chest in which the heart is situated, and, therefore, it is not wonderful that it should make its way to a similar region with its hearers, and that it may be described, like a letter in a novel, as coming "From the same to the same." Miss Hyland gave the charming music of *Polly* as it was written, and, consequently, as it ought to be, but seldom is, sung. We have also to record that she did not sing one note out of tune from first to last. The house approved of her highly and justly, though the attendance was most melancholy; the few people who were there seemed almost afraid of applauding, for fear of disturbing the solemn stillness of the place. It is impossible to assert with truth, that, with the exception of Miss Hyland and Mr. Farren, there was anything in the cast of the opera to warrant expectation of even a tolerable house. As a whole, it has, perhaps, never been so weakly represented. Mr. Templeton, although a painstaking and deserving young man, is certainly, both as to acting and singing, the least efficient *Macbeth* we ever saw. Mr. Harley is not at home in *Fitch*; Mrs. Humby, clever as she is in many things, is quite abroad in *Lucy*, and Mr. Somebody, in *Lockit*, was nobody.

#### MISCELLANEA

The bleak north-east winds, about the end of the last, and the middle of the present week, gave a temporary check to the more delicate species of vegetation. In the neighbourhood of London, there was no cold so severe as to injure the young shoots of laurels, ancuba japonicas, and other evergreens; but the apple-trees and white thorns were a little affected; and in both, that stagnation, and partial forming of saccharine matter, which is favourable to the growth of the larvae of the lacquers and white-thorn moths, brought numbers of these, with their silken habitations, into appearance; and from the same cause, many of the apple-blossoms may be rendered abortive. While the dangerous weather lasted, the coldness of the days prevented much mischief, that would have ensued had these been very hot. The rain, too, came seasonably, and in abundant quantity. Healthy trees have recovered. The caterpillars have mostly disappeared; and even the sickly trees are recovering. The shrubs are remarkably beautiful, and appear absolutely to have gained in consequence of the severe check they received last year.

*Correggio*.—A beautiful picture by Correggio, has lately been added to the Gallery in the Vatican. It is square, being three feet six inches, both in breadth and height, and painted on canvas; the subject, our Saviour enthroned on a rainbow and encircled by angels, in the act of stretching out his arms to dispense a blessing on the whole human race. It appears, that this picture was painted for the altar of the oratory belonging to the brotherhood of La Misericordia, in Allegri's native town, Correggio, as is recorded in the contract of sale, extant in Tireboschi's 'Bibl. Modenese,' and Pungileoni's 'Vita dell' Allegri.' That brotherhood sold three of Correggio's pieces to Prince Siro of that town, amongst which the present painting is first recited, under the designation of 'God the Father.' It was disposed of by the Prince to the Venetian painter, Ranieri; from his heirs it passed into the possession of the Gritti family in Venice; was bought at the close of the last century, by one Armanni, and by him transferred to Count Marescalchi, of Bologna, from whose collection it has been received into the Vatican. The Roman cognoscenti are unanimous in their opinion of its genuineness. It has been engraved by Astoli.

*Machinery in Australia*.—According to the report of the Sydney papers, the proprietor of the Cawan Saw-Mill, the first that has been erected in New South Wales, has now brought his machinery to such perfection, that he can cut 450 feet superficial of flooring boards, or 600 feet of battens in one hour; the teeth of the saws pass through the space of 8200 feet per minute, being at the rate of 96 miles an hour, a speed produced by animal power never known before. The fly-wheel of this machine travels at the rate of 7000 feet per minute.

*Education in Greece*.—According to accounts in a respectable continental journal, there were at the end of the year 1830, besides a considerable number of private schools, the following establishments for public instruction, which were either entirely, or in part, supported by Government, or by the communities in which they are situated:—In the Peloponnese, 36 schools for mutual instruction, with 2970 pupils, and 19 schools for ancient Greek, with 978 pupils;—In the Islands, 33 schools for mutual instruction, with 2930 pupils, and 15 schools for ancient Greek, with 1073 pupils;—In Western Greece, 4 schools for mutual instruction, with 329 pupils, and 1 school for ancient Greek, with 40 pupils;—In Eastern Greece, 3 schools for mutual instruction, with 407 pupils, and 1 school for ancient Greek, with 40 pupils. Making a total of 123 schools, containing 9737 pupils; and the numbers of both were constantly increasing.

*Aquatic Birds*.—It is believed, that aquatic birds confine their flight within certain limits, so that a person who has paid attention to the subject, will know by the birds that are about the ship, without seeing the land, what part of the coast he is near. This refers to the coast of California in particular; and the vicinity of the St. Lawrence Islands in the Bering Strait, may always be known by the Crested Auk, *alca cristatella*, a species of bird that is very numerous upon them. When the *Blossom* went round Cape Horn in the month of September 1825, in the latitude of the River Plate, and to the southward, the dusky albatross, *diomedea fuliginosa*, was very numerous, but on reaching the latitude of 51° S., they were no longer seen. On regaining the same parallel on the west coast, they again appeared and accompanied the ship along the coast of Chili. In the Pacific Ocean, it will be serviceable to watch the presence of birds as indications of land being near. The day before making the island of Sala-y-Gomez, several tropic birds, boatswains and gannets, flew round the *Blossom*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 10	53 34	30.22	N.W. to N.	Cloudy.
Fr. 11	60 40	30.22	N.	Ditto.
Sat. 12	58 39	29.80	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 13	59 35	Stat.	N.W.	Shrs. A.M.
Mon. 14	56 20	29.58	N.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 15	58 37	Stat.	N.E.	Shrs. A.M.
Wed. 16	58 41	Stat.	N.E.	Cloudy.

*Prevailing Clouds*.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus.

Mornings fair. Nights fair, except Friday and Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 47.5°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 7 h. 52 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming*.—La Coqueretterie, a Tale; or, Sketches of Society in France and Belgium.

A new edition of the first volume of Col. Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula; to which will be prefixed, a reply to various opponents, particularly to "Straitsures" on Col. Napier's history, &c.

A History of the King's German Legion, by W. Ludlow Beamish, Esq.

A Historical and Topographical Guide to the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. S. C. Hall is preparing for publication, a tale, under the title of 'The Buccaneer.'



Mr. Thackeray is preparing a new edition of his work on *Employments*, an affecting Health and Longevity, extending his inquiry to the general Arts, Trades, and Professions of England.

A Manual of Grecian Antiquities, by H. Smith. The fourth volume of the Cornwall Geological Transactions will be ready in June.

Introduction to Botany, by John Lindley. The Picture of the West Indies. Geographical, Descriptive, and Commercial, by Robert Muir.

Mr. John Bromley, Jun., is engaged in engraving, in his best style, a Print of Deer Stalking in the Highlands, after the beautiful Picture by Edwin Landseer, Esq., in the possession of the Duchess of Atholl.

The First number of a Biographical Gallery of the Polish Revolution; or, 100 Portraits of Individuals who distinguished themselves in the last War of Polish Independence; with Biographical Notices in French by Joseph Straszewicz.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received the following letter from Doctor Granville, and though not written in a very becoming temper, we shall print it entire:—

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

"10, Grafton Street, Berkeley Square.  
7th May, 1832.

"Sir, Can you oblige me by pointing out the part of the preface to my 'Catechism of Health,' in which you accuse me of having spoken disrespectfully of another 'Catechism of Health,' which, in its present garb, happened not to be in existence when the preface was written? The Catechism of Health, importation, the 'skeleton of which was adopted as the groundwork of my own,' as stated in the preface alluded to, was any thing but the 'skeleton of the Catechism you reviewed last Saturday,' as you might readily have perceived on comparing the two publications.

"I have the honour to be,  
Your humble servant,  
"A. B. GRANVILLE."

Now, there can be no doubt, we suppose, after this letter, that Doctor Granville did not refer to Faust's 'Catechism of Health,' but we cannot permit him to insinuate, that the opinion was first idly and ignorantly put forward in this paper, or that we "might readily have known," that he did not make such reference, and that he could not, because, "in its present garb, the work was not in existence." Faust's work *was* in existence—a translation by Base was in existence—the work referred to, being merely a new translation, or enlarged edition—and Doctor Granville did speak "disrespectfully of another 'Catechism of Health,'" and as his own words will prove this quite as well as any reference to them, we shall extract the passage:

"A small volume of foreign importation, bearing the title of 'Catechism of Health,' had been placed in the hands of the author, apparently written with little care or attention, either to facts or the language in which they were conveyed."

We were not, and are not aware of any other work of foreign importation, bearing the title of 'Catechism of Health'—and it is not very extraordinary, that we should suppose, that Dr. Granville referred to Faust's work, when we read the following passage in the Preface to the new edition, "I cannot conclude, without expressing my regret, that one of my professional brethren should, in the preface to his 'Catechism of Health,' (Granville's) 'Catechism of Health,'" describe this valuable little book in terms so disrespectful of the venerable author." The reference to Dr. Granville's work in this paper, was merely incidental; had we been in error, it was hardly worth the trouble of correcting it; and the assumption and blundering in the Doctor's letter is not a little amusing.

Thanks to M. M.—M. R.—A.

N. W. shall bear from us.

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